

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXVIII.—No. 1752.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1930.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
[POSTAGES: INLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 4d.]



Marcus Adams.

T.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

43, Dover Street, W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7351.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
OUR FRONTISPIECE: T. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH	193
THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS (Leader)	194
COUNTRY NOTES	195
THE WITTHY TREE, by Nina Lassen	195
SUMMER, by Phyllis Howell	196
PLANT HUNTING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, by Captain F. Kingdon-Ward	197
THE PTARMIGAN, by Seton Gordon	200
TWO ELIZABETHAN OLLENDORFS; Other Reviews	202
THE HIGH-METTLED RACER	203
COUNTRY HOME: ERTHIG.—I	206
RIGHT AND WRONG SWINGERS, by Bernard Darwin	212
AT THE THEATRE: SOME HOLIDAY MUSINGS, by George Warrington	213
ANOTHER STAGHUNTING SEASON	214
CORRESPONDENCE	215
An Elephant Hunt (Hedley W. Lewis); The County Assembly Rooms, Derby: Proposed Demolition (Thomas L. Tudor); The North Orbital Road (The Rt. Hon. Wilfrid Ashley); The Improvement of Grassland (C. Miller); The Food of the Peregrine; The Tin Can Plague; Albino Brown Rats (R. H. Brown); An East Anglian House.	
THE STATE OF THE BLOODSTOCK MARKET TO-DAY	217
THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW	217
THE ESTATE MARKET	218
A MAHOGANY CLOTHES PRESS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM	xxxiii
MOTORING AND AVIATION	xxxiv
THE TRAVELLER: A VISIT TO EAST AFRICA	xl
TRAVEL NOTES	xliv
AUGUST SHOOTING	xliv
THE GARDEN: A BORDER OF ANNUALS, by G. C. Taylor	219
NEW SWEET PEAS	220
THE LADIES' FIELD	xlvi
The Ideal Coat for Wet Weather; Dress for the Growing Girl, by Kathleen M. Barrow.	
THE JUDICIOUS EPICURE, by X. Marcel Boulestin	li
"COUNTRY LIFE," CROSSWORD No. 29	li

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS

THE yearly Agricultural Returns furnished by occupiers of agricultural holdings always reveal much that is of interest. The particulars relate to the crops and stock on holdings exceeding one acre in extent, and they are sufficiently comprehensive to give an adequate picture of the present state of farming and to show what confidence exists among the various branches of the industry. A study of the changes which have been made during the year helps to give an indication of the course prices may take, especially in those branches where competition from abroad is not too keen.

Returns are often full of surprises, but this year's figures agree very closely with the expectations which had been formed. The arable acreage continues to decline, but the total of 9,834,000 acres only shows a shrinkage of 114,000 acres since last year, a decrease appreciably less than that experienced in the three previous years. Cereal culture continues to suffer most from the present depression, and it is not surprising to find a decrease of 170,000 acres in the three corn crops commonly grown in this country. Wheat has actually gained slightly on last year, with an area of 1,346,000 acres, the increases being quite marked in the eastern counties. But whether this is to be accounted for by the idea that it pays to increase

a crop after an era of low prices remains to be seen. There is certainly room for improvement in the price of cereals. Barley now claims an acreage of 1,026,000, which is the smallest area ever recorded, and represents a reduction on the year of 94,000 acres. The plight of the barley grower last year was sufficiently bad to account for the present position. It will be remembered that last year's returns indicated a considerable increase in the area under oats, but this increase has been almost wiped out, for the present acreage of oats is 1,773,000. None the less, it is now the most important of our home cereals.

Of the other arable crops, it is significant that the area given to potatoes is now only 423,000 acres, or 96,000 acres less than last year. This represents the smallest acreage under this crop since 1910. Those who last year attempted to increase their crop have not waited to be bitten again, but it seems fairly safe to prophesy that potatoes will come into their own again this year. The potato pits which still remain rotting in many fields after last year's yields are undoubtedly responsible for the present position.

Arable farmers for some years past have regarded sugar beet as the main standby in a period of trouble. Confidence in this crop, whose market price was fixed before the season started, has been maintained, and an increase of 117,000 acres brings the total area under sugar beet to 347,000 acres. An examination of the counties in which the main increases have occurred suggests that beet has in many areas replaced the potato crop and in others cereals. Under the class of fodder roots we find areas of 671,000 acres for swedes and turnips, 288,000 acres for mangolds, and 134,000 acres for kale, rape, etc. Thus these crops have managed to maintain their position without much change in either direction. In view of the scarcity of hay in 1929, it is not surprising to find an increase this year of 425,000 acres, bringing the total area under hay to 6,645,000 acres. Over the greater part of the country hay should be cheap this winter as a consequence.

The figures belonging to livestock do not vary greatly from anticipations. The total head of cattle is now 5,846,000, or 111,600 fewer than last year. Decreases have taken place in all sections, and particularly among heifers in calf. The decreases, however, are hardly sufficient to effect dairy farming to any appreciable extent, though the figures may represent a decreased output of from fifteen to twenty million gallons of milk during the next year, which will ease the market of some of the surplus milk which has been so plentiful this year.

Sheep farming is one of the few branches of the industry which has not been subject to economic fluctuations during recent years. Heavy reductions were experienced, it is true, in 1928 and 1929, but this year the total has advanced by 223,100 to 16,328,600 head. It must not be assumed that this increase is likely to bring down the price of sheep, for in view of the plentiful root crops prices are likely to advance rather than decline.

The returns from pig-farming are, perhaps, the most surprising of any in the livestock sections. Since last year's returns the pig trade has been prosperous enough, but actually there is a decrease of 60,800 pigs from last year, the present total being 2,305,700. The decrease, however, is only in feeding pigs for there are nearly 8,000 more sows recorded this year. Pig prices are not entirely controlled by numbers in this country and it would be interesting to know what policy has been followed in Scandinavian countries.

For some years past the hope has been expressed that the decline in the numbers of agricultural horses may be arrested. The decline, however still continues at the same rate as in previous years, although, as a faint sign of hope, there are indications of an increase in the breeding section. The number of agricultural workers shows a further serious reduction, the total workers of all classes being 741,800 as against 770,300 last year. Whether this decline in workers is ever to be arrested depends greatly on the future prospects of farming and the extent to which farmers make use of labour-saving devices.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES.

WHEN it was announced a week ago that the Prince of Wales proposed to visit South America on the occasion of the British Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires, those of us who know anything of the strain imposed on human beings by the performance of an endless succession of public duties hoped that before the Prince departed on this fresh service to his country he would find an opportunity for a "real holiday." We are all glad, therefore, to see it announced that he will undertake no further public duties for the present and will have a complete rest from the strenuous life that he has lately been compelled to lead. When he goes to the Argentine there will be no doubt as to the heartiness of the Prince's reception. Five years ago he was received in Argentina with a tumultuous welcome which opened a new chapter in the history of our relations with that young and great nation. Not that the earlier chapters had been at any time bad reading, but such is the charm and intelligence of our Imperial Ambassador that during his visit cordial relations were strengthened, new mutual interests discovered, and a fresh stimulus was given to trade and business relations between the two countries. COUNTRY LIFE is, naturally, interested in the grazing and stock-raising sides of Argentine enterprise, and these, too, will greatly appeal to the Prince. In this department there is already true reciprocity. This country gives Argentina the finest stock in the world, and she provides us in turn with the beef and grain and wool which we cannot obtain from the Dominions.

THE "Twelfth" has come and gone, and those of us whose kind friends have fled to the north and left us to languish in London are looking forward hourly to the sight of that first grouse. We may even have seen him already, for the aeroplane can do a great deal in these days and—tell it not in Scotland—cold storage even more. As the COUNTRY LIFE reports have shown, the prospects of the season are exceptionally good. There is little disease, and the birds are everywhere reported to be plentiful and strong. This means that for the moment we shall think of our friends in the north with a certain envy and shall look forward eagerly to the moment when we, too, have left behind the dust and noise of cities and have escaped to the freedom of the hills. Once again we shall see the misty mountain masses against the skyline, the browns and purples of the great moors and the woodlands of birch and pine straggling up the face of the hills to thin out into scrub and bracken where the heather begins. There will be the familiar track up the glen, the handful of whitewashed farm buildings and the keeper's cottage. The clean air will fill our lungs and the sun bring out of the sweet earth the scent of heather and bog myrtle and clean-washed quartz pebbles will wink at us as we cross the grey stones of the burn. What a vision of enchantment to mock us for a few more days!

ALL things have an end, and when Hobbs walks back to the Pavilion at the Oval at the end of his second innings next week (or it may be the week after) it will be humanly certain that he has played his last for England in a Test Match. Whether he has then made a duck or, as we all hope, a hundred, he will receive such a greeting as even he has probably never had before, and some of the cheers will come very near to tears. Meanwhile he has broken another record and robbed Dr. W. G. Grace of the last that stood to his name alone. The word "alone" is necessary because W.G. at the age of forty-six made a thousand runs in May, and although Hobbs has never done that, Hammond, Hallows and Bradman have. W.G. in the course of his long career had made an aggregate of 54,896 runs in first-class cricket, and by getting forty against Middlesex on Saturday, Hobbs has now made 54,921. It is as futile as it is ungracious to compare the champions of different generations who played under different conditions, and nothing that anyone else can do will diminish by the tiniest fraction the height of the pinnacle on which W.G. is enthroned for ever. Enough that Hobbs has added one more to his list of great deeds, and may he reach the fifty-fifth thousand in his next innings against the Australians!

EVERYONE who has been to the Zoo on the night of its illumination has thought the entertainment a most seductive one, except possibly some grumpy animals who have been deprived of a good night's rest. Consequently a lament has made itself heard that there are no longer any permanently illuminated gardens in London for cheerful and innocent revelry. To most people, Vauxhall, Cremorne and Rosherville are but names, but they are names with a glamour. We all like to think of Jos Sedley growing excited over wrack punch at Vauxhall and calling Becky his "diddle-diddle-darling," or of Arthur Pendennis taking Fanny Bolton there to see the fireworks, and conveniently losing her mother and Captain Costigan. Earl's Court has so far lacked its Thackeray, but the water chute and the scenic railway and the underground river along which the boats glided so magically of their own accord—these were all beautiful things which we recall not without a little sadness. And, indeed, apart from any of the "side-shows" the atmosphere was one of indefinable romance. Can it be that the common everyday switch has made us so blasé that we can no longer be thrilled by electric lights?

THE WITHY TREE.

And though she wears her summer's downy green,
And gazes on her image in the lake,
She only weeps, the plaintive withy tree,
Her pendant branches to the water bowed.

Why does she weep, the plaintive withy tree?
Is it the dying wind within her leaves?
"O furrow'd bole! O tree of Memory!"
Her race is doomed to see the forest hewn.

As one who suffered for us all, she bears
Old sorrows of the stream upon her brow,
And so she weeps, the plaintive withy tree,
Her pendant branches to the water bowed.

NINA LASSEN.

THE new sign to be seen in most villages, inscribed "County Library," is the outward and visible mark of a great work undertaken during the past decade for enriching village life. The latest report of the Kent Education Committee, which was one of the first to adopt the library scheme, gives an interesting account of the progress since 1922. The scheme is literally that of a circulating library—the stock in each branch being transferred from time to time, and books that have been applied for delivered in specially constructed vans. The issue of books in Kent last year for the first time exceeded a million, through 363 village centres, which includes all villages with a population of over 1,000, excepting four blissfully ignorant villages which have not made application for a library. The stock of books available is now 133,746—an increase of over 30,000 over the previous year. The report observes

a satisfactory increase in the demand for works other than fiction, this class standing at 11.7 per cent. in 1927, as against 13.3 last year. The publication of a printed catalogue has had the effect of doubling the application for particular books. As time goes on the value of the library system in providing intellectual pabulum for the modern learned peasant will be incalculable.

SOME of the pleasantest things of which we read in the newspapers turn out in the end not to be true, and so we must accept with due reserve the statement that Mr. Charlie Chaplin is to collect a gigantic circus and make the grand tour with it. To many people there is still nothing half so romantic in the whole world as the sight of a circus, decked out in gold and elephants, making its entry into a country town, nor anyone quite so regal as the lady in the tall hat and riding habit who makes her steed perform stately demi-vaults and semi-lunes in the sawdust ring. Let us imagine all these joys multiplied a hundredfold, with Mr. Chaplin as the clown to say "Here we are again" and "How do you do to-morrow?" and to add to these classical pleasantries many new ones which we cannot imagine, but his unique genius could devise. The prospect is almost too intoxicating. Mr. Chaplin has, we are convinced, all the proper sentiments about circuses, and his circus would be a glorified edition of everything that we have been brought up to revere. May we be there to see it, even if it is only "the 'oofs of the 'orses."

IT seems scarcely credible that Vincent van Gogh died as long ago as 1900, for in the shifting kaleidoscope of art movements and fashions he has somehow kept his place unchallenged and, therefore, he still remains undisputedly as one of the moderns. First introduced into this country at the now famous Post-Impressionist exhibition of November, 1910, it was not till after the War that he really came to be accepted by the English art public. Since then the prices of his pictures have mounted steadily upwards, so that we can count ourselves fortunate in possessing three of his finest works in the modern foreign section at Millbank. Successive exhibitions at the Leicester Galleries in recent years have shown his work in all its different phases, and the most recent, held this spring, was exceptionally interesting in that it illustrated the little-known early period when he was living among the Flemish miners and a little later when he came to Paris and fell under the influence of Claude Monet. In September a comprehensive exhibition, commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of his death, is to be opened at the Municipal Museum at Amsterdam, to which works are being loaned from many public and private collections in Holland, France, Germany and this country. Such an opportunity for seeing the *œuvre* of a great painter assembled almost in its entirety is bound to attract many English people who are lovers of painting.

UNDER the recent legislation for the control of petrol pumps, several county councils have framed by-laws forbidding the erection of filling stations, except by licence. The latest county to comply is Derbyshire, and although it has not followed the example of Herefordshire, the West Riding and Lancashire, in entirely banning the erection of pumps from certain areas, its provisions probably will in practice be sufficient to defend the county's unrivalled open spaces. The principle clause is that no petrol station shall be visible if it injuriously affects the enjoyment by the public of rural scenery, or of a street of picturesque character. It prohibits visible advertising, intermittent lights, and vari-coloured apparatus. Moreover the visible use of corrugated iron is entirely banned, and where corrugated structures already exist, they must be painted. New buildings must have walls and roofs of natural materials. Thus it will be appreciated that the efforts of the C.P.R.E. and those bodies whose objects COUNTRY LIFE has for years been commending to the public are gradually being realised. It does not, however, appear that the Derbyshire by-laws provide for the eventual removal of superfluous filling stations, of which large numbers exist.

AFTER three years of discussion an agreed scheme has now been reached for reconditioning and modernising the interior of the Mansion House. Work will be begun this autumn, and while it is in progress the new Lord Mayor will find a temporary residence elsewhere in the City. One of the most important alterations concerns the Egyptian Hall, for which Mr. Perks, the City architect, in consultation with Mr. Tatchell, has drawn up plans reinstating some of the original features. Two of the Venetian windows which Dance designed are to be restored and his gallery is to be replaced. The second change, besides improving the appearance of the hall, will also greatly increase its accommodation. It is much to be hoped that while alterations are being made the Corporation will take the opportunity of improving the ventilation, which up till now has been notoriously bad. The acoustic properties of the room are also far from satisfactory, and in making the proposed changes the causes of this defect need to be thoroughly examined. It is, to say the least, discreditable that the hall in which the City receives its visitors of State should be one of the worst rooms for ventilation and audibility in London.

THERE is a tendency at times among some who are more fortunate than their fellows to look upon the two million English men and women who are out of work to-day as easily divided into two classes: those who will readily be reabsorbed into their original employment as soon as things look up again and trade improves, and those who are more or less definitely unemployable. This is, however, a very superficial way of regarding a grave social problem, for we ought not to forget that not only may a man pass gradually from one category into the other, but that there has been growing up since the War a generation of young men some of whom at least have had no real opportunity of anything approaching permanent employment owing to the depression of the industries in which they would in better circumstances be employed. We should all, therefore, follow with interest an experiment of the Middlesex County Council which begins this week and consists in a scheme for giving education and physical training to unemployed men. The scheme provides that men under thirty years of age should be required to attend classes in educational subjects and physical training, and men between thirty and forty should receive physical training and be required to do some form of manual work. It is a serious attempt to help the men to retain their physical and mental morale until such time as they can find work, to prevent the unemployed, in fact, from joining that great and growing company of the unemployable.

SUMMER.

Among the meadow grasses
Dwell the little things:
Here the summer passes
To the beat of tiny wings,
To the tread of little feet,
And—summer days are sweet!

The friendly field-mouse passes;
Bird and beast go by,
Stealing through the grasses.
When the moon is high
Little creatures meet,
And—summer nights are sweet!

PHYLLIS HOWELL.

THE report of the Forestry Commissioners just published reviews the first decade's work of the Government department which was set up in 1919. Under the Acland Scheme some 400,000 acres were to be acquired in that time, of which 150,000 acres were to be planted. The Report shows that the Commission is behindhand in its programme, some 310,000 acres having been acquired and about 138,000 acres planted. The deficiency is explained by the reduction of grants and uncertainty of policy under successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, which in the long run have proved anything but economical.

Before making good the great wastage of timber which the War rendered necessary, the Commission has still a long and arduous task to perform, and it is essential for its accomplishment that a steady supply of money should be voted. During the next ten years an afforestation programme of 330,000 acres is contemplated, and provision will be made for the establishment of 3,000 holdings for forest workers. The Report comments on the disappointing

indifference of private landowners towards State offers of assistance for planting. In spite of a grant of £2 to £3 an acre and the exemption of woodlands from rates, little has been done to restore the pre-War position. It is to be feared that still greater inducements will be needed before landowners in the present depressed state of agriculture are willing to burden themselves with any additional expense.

PLANT HUNTING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

SEEKING WILD PLANTS IN THE TRACKLESS HIMALAYAS.

BY CAPTAIN F. KINGDON-WARD.

UNTRODDEN crests, white with eternal snow, block the way to China and to Tibet on the North-east Frontier of the Indian Empire. We stand on the edge of the unadministered regions of northern Assam, gazing towards the Mishmi Hills, which rise tier above tier to the roof of the world. The outer rim of those mountains, facing the plains, is covered with dense, trackless forests, sparsely inhabited by unfriendly peoples. The perpetual rain which sweeps them in summer causes the most luxuriant growth, but in winter they are snow-bound. In the sub-tropical forests and undergrowth, leeches and stinging insects make the life of man hard. Small wonder that these mountains have hardly been penetrated by white men! Yet in these same forests are hidden a wealth of superb flowering trees, such as the incomparable magnolias, rhododendrons of every size and colour, maples, oaks and hollies in endless variety. Beyond the foothills, up above the alpine tops on the edge of the world, the myriads of flowers spin gorgeous carpets over the wind-swept slopes.

When, in 1928, my companion and I, with fifty Mishmi coolies carrying food and equipment, marched across the British border and plunged into the forested mountains in an attempt to wrest some of the secrets from the unknown, we met with

obstacles at every turn. Some were natural, others were created by mistrustful natives. Bad weather set in immediately after we left the plains; and at the end of a month's plodding we were only a hundred and thirty miles from our starting point. The path was awful. Up and down over the sheer cliffs, holding on by roots and creepers, scrambling over boulders in the bed of the icy torrent, pushing through the reeking jungle, we could only advance yard by painful yard. And then, when we were well into the hills, the

Mishmis turned suspicious and sour. They tried to persuade us to retire. For some reason they meant to prevent further advance, even going to the length of threatening to barricade the path with sharpened stakes of bamboo, on which our own coolies might impale themselves, if we did not retire. Not only did they refuse to help us, they would not sell us food, or guide us. The situation was awkward. But some villages were more friendly than others, and ignoring the bad-tempered ones, and having obtained sufficient provisions, we went on slowly up the valley till the snowy mountains at its head came into view. It was a sight to gladden our weary hearts, and rejoicing we tried to hasten forward to our goal now in sight. The Mishmis took us over the river by a rope bridge made of twisted strips of bamboo, under which one was suspended by means of a large cane ring; by hauling vigorously



RHEUM SP. ("GIANT RHUBARB RHEUM").

Height 8-10 ft.



PLEIONE SP. IN THE MISHMI HILLS.



RHODODENDRONS IN A TIBETAN FOREST.

with one's arms, and pushing with one's feet, it was possible to ride safely across, though progress was far from comfortable.

Then, having deposited us, bag and baggage, on a narrow ledge of rock, high above the river, these miserable natives announced that they intended to leave us here stranded. That was the last straw; that roused a reluctant temper in me; viciously I threatened reprisals. "Forward or back," I yelled, menacingly, and when they still refused I said, "If you won't take us back to your village, at least you shall not return there." Suiting action to my words, I went down to the river and cut the rope bridge! Bitter recriminations followed this act, but in the end the Mishmis had to repair the rope and take us back to their village.

It was a fortnight later, when peace had been patched up, that we made a fresh start, following a hunter's path straight up the mountains, to a camp in the rain forest at 10,000ft. Among a wilderness of rhododendrons we sat here for six weeks in the rain, mist, during which time we struggled up the ridge, through dripping forests and tangled thickets to the alpine region. The world lay at our feet. The violent beauty of those crowded mountains, mantled with forest, lashed and stung by the rain, took one's breath away. All the jewels of Ophir in flower form, starry constellations, dangling bells, tall pagoda-like towers were spread out round us. We could scarcely turn from the glory of it to proceed with the work we had come all the way to do. The end of the journey did not see the end of our troubles. Many things were to go wrong yet; hunger, when fresh supplies did not arrive for us; the threat of thirst when a break came in the rains and we could not find a spring up on our lonely ridge; and a fortnight's storm at the end

of autumn when it should have been fine! But never did we forget that wonderful day when, first of all white men, we stood on the alpine summit in the heart of the Mishmi Hills and gazed into the valley 10,000ft. below, and at the ruffled seas of dwarf rhododendrons spangled with primulae at our feet, and the leagues of snow beyond—a glory indescribable.

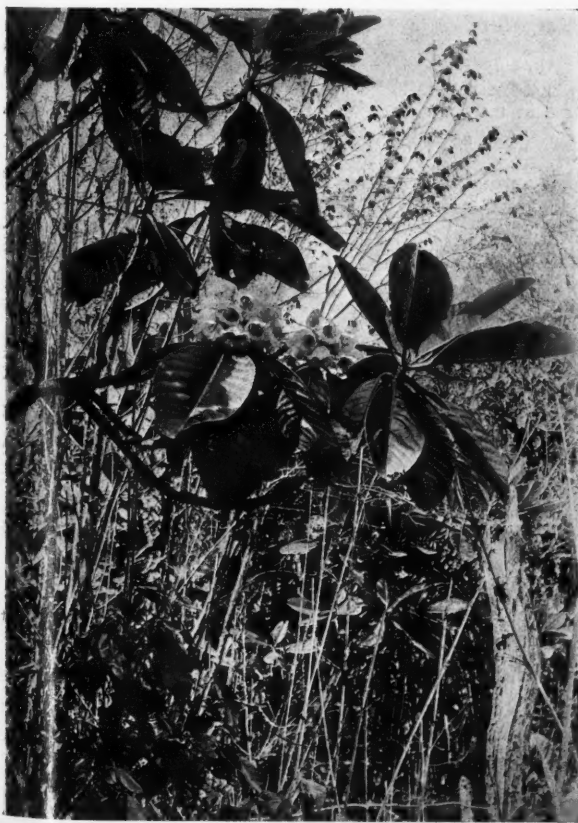


A REST-HOUSE ON THE ASSAM FRONTIER.

Second in interest only to the discovery of new plants is the discovery of known species in new places; and it was with a thrill of delight that we found in the Mishmi Hills several alpine plants hitherto known only from Sikkim, five hundred miles to the west, *e.g.*, *Meconopsis paniculata* and *Bryocarpum himalayicum*. This fact alone very definitely suggests that the great Himalayan range does not end abruptly at the knee-bend of the Brahmaputra, as it appears to do, but that its axis is prolonged eastwards towards China.

By mid-July the alpine flowers are over, flogged to pulp by the pitiless rain. Less than three months of the season remain. There comes a lull; a break in the monsoon. A powerful sun smites the drenched and shivering forest, and a sour odour of decay hangs over the steaming earth. Loathsome-looking toadstools manifest themselves everywhere. But the armistice is brief, and the short season ends as it began, in hurricanes of rain. Then in October come biting winds from the plateau,

and blasting snowstorms which bury the alpine plants for seven months. The winds race and dance over their graves; only amazingly blue gentians, last of all alpine flowers, glare bleakly from the rocks, and ripen their seeds in cold storage. But much was to happen before we could collect seed of all the flowers. The Mishmis revolted again, and refused to carry for us. At the end of October, when the hills lay sleeping under a deep mantle of snow and the ruthless wind tore in vain at the frozen bushes, we must needs fight our way through wind and snow to gather seed of the most beautiful alpine. Again I struggled up the ridge for the last time, with two faithful natives, and, sleeping in a cave, spent a week collecting seed of all the finest plants we had discovered. Then, with our booty, we marched out of that inhospitable valley. November found us at the British outpost on the Indian frontier whence we had started eight months before. We had had a hard time, but it was worth it. Seed of fifty different rhododendrons, several of them new, was secured, besides seed of many other plants and a number of orchids; and almost all of them are growing well. And when, in years to come, these glories of the Mishmi Hills flourish in English gardens, we shall, for our part, feel that the months of struggle and weary fight against unexpected difficulties and opposition of sour tribesmen have not been without reward.



RHODODENDRON SINO-GRANDE.



ARISTOLOCHIA GRIFFITHII.

At 9,000ft. in the Mishmi Hills.

THE PTARMIGAN



PTARMIGAN APPROACHING HER NEST.

TO talk of the ptarmigan conjures up a vision of lonely hills and wind-swept plateaux, for there is no bird that clings to the high tops so persistently as this hardy mountain grouse. Picture a midsummer night on the Cairngorm Hills. At midnight there is no darkness; the hills are lighted by a mysterious glow from the northern horizon. Across the Moray Firth Morven, eighty miles distant, raises its dark, shapely cone into the dull orange sky. An hour after midnight the glow strengthens, and with the coming of the young day curious guttural cries are heard as invisible ptarmigan bestir themselves and greet the midsummer morn.

The Cairngorm Hills are the chief stronghold of the ptarmigan in Britain, and during the years succeeding the War there was a large stock of these birds at all their nesting sites on this fine hill range. Then came years when grouse disease raged in the glens below. The ptarmigan escaped the ravages of this disease—for a year or two at all events—and remained so numerous that in one corrie on a single afternoon as many as fifty-one and a half brace were shot, while on a neighbouring beat a short time later forty-four brace were killed.

The decrease of ptarmigan in the Cairngorms dates from the early part of 1924. In February and March of that year there was a prolonged and heavy snowfall which covered the hills so deeply that at the beginning of April snow lay several yards deep on the summit of Brae Riach. The peculiarity of this snowfall was that it was unaccompanied by wind, and as ptarmigan feed in winter on those ridges which have been swept bare of snow, their food supply was cut off. For the first time within living memory the birds descended to the glens and the

old Caledonian Forest in packs, and some were so weak that they could scarcely fly. That snowfall greatly reduced their numbers, and doubtless rendered them more susceptible to disease. There is no doubt, I think, that disease followed, but very few ptarmigan were actually found dead. Since 1924 the stock of ptarmigan on the Cairngorms has been so reduced that at present there are not ten birds for every hundred in 1923. Only a few days ago a friend and I climbed a hill which was formerly a favourite ptarmigan haunt without seeing or hearing a single bird, and during a long day on a neighbouring hill, where one would have expected to have seen several score of cock ptarmigan on guard beside their mates, we saw only two birds.

A factor which has probably contributed to the decrease of the ptarmigan has been the succession of unfavourable nesting seasons we have experienced during recent years. Instead of fine warm weather the months of May and June have seen a succession of bitter winds and blizzards of snow sweeping the nesting haunts of the ptarmigan, but, despite these unfavourable seasons, there is, I think, a slight increase to be observed in the number of ptarmigan on the Cairngorms this year. The present summer has at long last given us true summer weather in the highlands, so that ptarmigan have hatched out well. But the high tops are painfully deserted and desolate without their cheery ptarmigan, for a long tramp on the Cairngorms was always enlivened by these vigorous birds, and the finding of a nest was always a pleasure, for the ptarmigan is so tame that she will allow you to look at her without leaving her eggs, and will on occasion even allow you to lift her in your hand and set her down again without taking wing.



SUSPICIOUS ON HER NEST.



THE YOUNG PTARMIGAN APPEAR.

There is one curious thing about the behaviour of the male ptarmigan during the nesting season that I do not remember having seen mentioned in any ornithological work. So long as the hen is brooding her eggs he is a model husband, on guard by day and by night. Indeed, during this period he is more attentive than the male red grouse. But so soon as the young ptarmigan leaves the nest he ceases to take any interest in them or his mate, and flies away—a care-free bachelor—to join up with other males and haunt the highest plateaux in large packs. There are exceptions, it is true, but I should say that in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred the hen ptarmigan will be found alone with her young family. She is an adept at ruses and will by every subterfuge endeavour to draw you away from where her young family are crouching unseen in the alpine vegetation. Her favourite trick is to display prominently her white wing primaries and, half trailing her white wings on the ground, to run ahead of your feet feigning injury. This is an effective ruse when an untrained dog is present, and must be successful when a hungry hill fox comes upon a ptarmigan family. Having enticed the enemy a matter of two or three hundred yards from her brood, the wily old mother suddenly becomes well and vigorous. I learned long ago a trick to play upon any anxious mother ptarmigan. When I see a bird which is attempting to draw me away from a small and unseen family crouching motionless somewhere near, I whistle with a very high note. This is (to my own ear) lamentably short of a successful imitation of a ptarmigan chick's alarm note, but the result is usually magical. The mother imagines that in some miraculous way I have obtained possession of one of her youngsters, which is calling to her for assistance, and in her anxiety she approaches and runs round my feet, her fear of man forgotten in her anxiety for her family. On one occasion a mother ptarmigan actually flew at my head and, had I not "ducked" promptly, would undoubtedly have struck me a stinging blow.

Although on the larger part of the Cairngorms ptarmigan are scarce at the present day, there are one or two of their favourite haunts where they are present in almost their former numbers. This may be because there are always certain parts of the hills which for various reasons are more popular than others with the mountain grouse, and when the hills hold a full stock the birds "overflow" from these sought-after quarters to all the ground around. But at the present time the stock is sufficient only to populate those areas, with a few birds being left over for the remaining part of the range.

It is not on the Cairngorms alone that the ptarmigan are decreasing. On the Cuillin of Skye they are almost extinct, and it is the same story everywhere in the west.

Were ptarmigan as popular a game bird as the red grouse, much would be heard of their scarcity, but surely a bird which gives over fifty brace in an afternoon's shooting is worthy of some consideration, and I would suggest that for the next few years the ptarmigan should be placed on the list of the birds that are protected throughout the year.

SETON GORDON.



THE MOTHER PTARMIGAN DISPLAYS HER WHITE WINGS—



—CALLS IN ANXIETY—



—AND ATTEMPTS TO DRAW OFF THE INTRUDER FROM HER NEST.

TWO ELIZABETHAN OLLENDORFS

The Elizabethan Home, by Claudius Hollyband and Peter Erondell
Edited by M. St. Clare Byrne. (Cobden Sanderson, 5s.)

IN a daily newspaper there has recently appeared a series of conversations under the title "Brush Up Your French," and I now find with surprise that the Elizabethans brushed up their French with even more spirit and intimacy—or, more accurately, that there were the most thrilling conversation manuals imaginable, compiled for young people who, possibly, had not much French to brush up until they met these exciting little books.

The conversations which have been edited by Miss St. Clare Byrne, and are reproduced in *The Elizabethan Home* were written by two French schoolmasters, Huguenot refugees, and the point is that they were written in England, and give, incidentally, a most vivid account of ordinary Elizabethan middle-class life, so ordinary and taken for granted that most contemporary writers ignored it—to our loss. A selection of these dialogues, by Claudius Hollyband and Peter Erondell, were published under the title of *The Elizabethan Home* in 1925, but the edition was limited and quickly sold out. This new edition has just been published. We are not asked to brush up our French, the English translation only is given. It is sheer delight, and the scenes move with a speed and vigour which few school-books can equal even in these days. Hollyband gives us dialogues about school and between schoolboys, and also scenes in the life of an ordinary citizen at home, and Erondell in his *French Garden* gives us most realistic scenes in the house of a great lady from the time when she scolds her maid for having allowed her to oversleep herself until the moment when the forgiving maids wish her "God give you good night and a wholesome rest, madame."

It is the greatest fun. The lady having chidden the chambermaid, the maid scolds the page and calls for firewood.

"O God! how long you make me tarrye!" says the lady a-bed. "Kindle the fire quickly, warme my smocke and give it to me. . . . Will you keepe me heere all the day?" she asks, now up. "Where be all my thinges? Go fetch my cloathes: bring my pettycoat bodyes: I mean my damask quilt bodies with whale bones, what lace do you give me heere? this lace is too shorte, the tagges are broken . . . take it away . . . I will have no woosted hosen, shewe me my carnation silk stockings . . . give me my Spanish leather shoes." And what demoiselle would not find her lesson brighter for such stockings and shoes?

"Combe backward," says the lady. "O God! you combe too harde, you scratch me, you pull out my hayres, can you not untangle them softly with your handes before you put the combe to it?"

"Will it please you to rise up a little, madame? For your haire are so long, that they trayle on the ground," says the "wayting-woman" tactfully as she combs. After that, of course, things go better. But almost at the completion of the toilet it strikes the lady that she has not washed, and a page is sent for some water and a napkin. Finally, she sets out to interview her daughters and their governess, having asked for her girdle (from which hang "cizers," pincers, penknife, knife to close letters, bodkin, ear-picker, seal and "comfit-box"). "And have I a cleane handkercher?" says she, which shows that handkerchiefs were used by Elizabethans. Even the lady's young sons were asked if they had them, so it is sheer scandal to say that even Mary, Queen of Scots—tut, tut!

After being present at her daughters' French lesson the lady goes to the nursery. "Good morrowe Nurce . . . How now, how doth the childe? . . . Wash him before me, have you cleane water? O my little hart! . . . Pull off his shirt, thou art pretty and fat, my little darling." And when the business of washing and dressing is over, "I pray you good Nurce have a care of him."

"Dout not of it madame with the grace of God," says the nurse with a courtesy that makes the modern mother sigh as she reads.

And then to see the boys and their tutor. Next to receive visitors and to go shopping with them in great state. Then dinner and conversation in the garden. And supper and games at the house of a friend. Home to bed late, where the daughters, their governess, and a "mayden" servant are duly awaiting the mistress in her bedroom. "Go to, take off my cloathes, unpinne that, untie this," says she, but all the time socially giving details about her pleasant evening. "Prudence, why do you not snuffe the candell? you know not where be the snuffers, burne your fingers then: go to, kneel you downe, let every bodie kneel downe, put you on your knees, let us say evening prayers. Amen." And the lady having with one breath made Prudence burn her fingers and say her prayers, the day ends sweetly

enough with blessings for the children and good wishes for the night to and from the maids.

Being of the feminine gender, I take special pleasure in the above, but the schoolboy scenes in the first part of the book are equally amusing. So are the home scenes in the life of an ordinary citizen. And as for the meals! One has to remember that the enormous number of dishes was really mentioned for the sake of teaching their names in French. There is a guest and much polite conversation. "Truly it is a faire gerle," says the guest, looking at the little daughter of his host. "She will cost you nothing toward her marriage: she will be married for her beautie and good grace."

"Doo you mocke?" asks the father, fearing sarcasm.

"No, truly, I have not put on my mocke," says the guest earnestly.

They go to hear a sermon at "Paul's crosse"—the father and the friend. "Behold the church is all full of folkes: how shall we enter in?" asks the friend.

"Enter you first," says the father, "and I will follow you: thrust hard and cause the way to be made."

And they evidently do thrust hard, for they get right up to the choir.

Yes, an amusing book. I have not put on my "mocke"—it really is funny. I. B.

Collected Poems of Edith Sitwell. (Duckworth, 8s. 6d.)

COLLECTED poems must be as gruelling a business for the poet as they are a revealing business for the reader. Faults accent themselves; repetitions underline themselves. And, as we read these particular collected poems, the question asks itself: "How far is Miss Sitwell the master of words, and how far the slave?" Sometimes, in the keen thrill of some sensuous image, she is very much the master:

"When the warm lights of afternoon were mellow
As honeyed yellow pears, the Princess played."

Or:

"And like the lovely light gazelles
Walking by deep water-wells."

Again, any definite subject—an old woman falling from a tree, a mother murdered by her son, a man betrayed for gold—gives Miss Sitwell, as it were, an anchor, so that her boat of poetry can adorn the sea without being swept away by it. Most certain of all, one subject—youth—has for Miss Sitwell not only "evocative value" beyond all others, but a clarion call to sincerity:

"Come softly and we will look through
The windows from this avenue . . .
For there, my youth passed like a sleep,
Yet in my heart, still murmuring deep,
The small green airs from Eternity
Murmuring softly, never die."

And:

"Come not, O solemn and revengeful Dead,—
Most loving Dead, from your eternal bed
To meet this living ghost, lest you should keep
Some memory of what I was, and weep."

But, if the image is not overpoweringly strong, if there is no story, if there is no evocation of youth—surely, then, Miss Sitwell is too frequently the slave, not the master. A salient word, an odd rhyme, a flamboyant rhythm—and she is off for a gallop on a nursery-horse: backwards, forwards, but not getting anywhere.

"The wind's bastinado
Whipt on the calico
Skin of the Macaroon
And the black Picaroon
Beneath the galloway
Of the midnight sky."

Or:

"Rose Castles
Those bustles
Beneath parasols seen!
Fat blondine pearls
Rondine curls
Seem."

It is things like these that remind us of the essay called "Words, Words, Words," with which Mr. C. E. Montague's book, "A Writer's Notes on His Trade," begins. "In youth you easily fall in love with words, written and spoken. You come, like other lovers, to feel an unreasoned sensuous thrill of joy at a word because it is just what it is—the sound of it and the look of it on a page—as a child's mind thrills at the touch of fur because it is sleek and at that of a file because it is not." The antechamber to the palace of poetry, in fact, is hung with the sweet-toned windbells of words; the neophyte strikes them in succession and together, enchanted with the tinkling effects of melody, harmony or strangeness that he can produce. But antechambers are made to be left behind and forgotten as the glories of the palace are revealed—and we cannot help feeling that Miss Sitwell too often returns with a rush to her windbells.

V. H. F.

Cricket Memories, by a Country Vicar. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

EVERYONE who reads this book, and all cricketers simply must read it, will agree with Mr. "Plum" Warner, who, in a short foreword, remarks that these memories breathe the true spirit of cricket. The Vicar and his wife, Angela, whom one would love to meet if only for the purpose of congratulating her on the completeness with which she annihilated a presumptuous seat-crasher at Lord's at a recent Eton and Harrow match, are both cricket enthusiasts. The Vicar, who played himself for a minor county which one suspects to have been Suffolk, has his prejudices, for in his opinion nothing that comes from

Yorkshire or Cambridge can be wrong, and with regard to the latter Angela agrees with him, but in the case of the former they agree to differ, for Angela has a penchant for Middlesex. The book is a delightfully and breezily written chronicle of the chief cricket seasons from the 'seventies to the present day. The Vicar is an enthusiastic worshipper of all the cricket heroes of his time, and one may read many pleasant stories of such giants as the G.O.M. of cricket, W. G., Ulyett of Yorkshire, Wilfred Rhodes, the ever youthful, the one and only "Ranji," Victor Trumper the incomparable, Charles Fry, "Jacker," who in 1905 captained England and won the toss in all five Test Matches, two of which he was mainly instrumental in winning; Jessop, the "Croucher"; Jack Hobbs and a host of others. Cricket history has a way of repeating itself, as we are reminded when reading that Maclaren in the 1925 Oval Test Match so overbowed his mystery bowler, D. W. Carr, that he lost all his mystery and sting. Did not Chapman do much the same with Peebles at Manchester the other day?

Very Good, Jeeves, by P. G. Wodehouse. (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.) [It is often asserted that of the characters in modern fiction only Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson will live. Before assent is given to this statement the claims of Jeeves and his biographer Mr. Wooster should be considered. Till Jeeves came Littimer in "David Copperfield" and Morgan in "Pendennis" were the famous types of gentleman's gentleman. To-day we must admit that there are thousands who know Jeeves intimately for hundreds who have heard of those two silky and immortal scoundrels. They, moreover, could be admired but not loved, whereas Jeeves is most lovable, essentially a hero and not a villain. It is now fourteen years, as we learn with a shock, since Jeeves first began his adventures, and yet, in this, the third volume of them, he shows no

sign of staleness. He still "shimmers" into the room with "the eggs and b.," still exhibits "the old feudal spirit"; Mr. Wooster has only to bid him "surge round and burnish the old bean" and he is ready with some ingenious method of getting his master out of a new and original scrape. Mr. Wodehouse's fertility of invention is as fresh as ever; he never, as do some hard-working authors, spreads his jam thin so as to make it last, but embellishes each new Jeeves story with a profligate richness of incident. It would be impossible, even if it were wise, to summarise the things that happen in this Jeeves series. Besides creating a new language, Mr. Wodehouse has created a mythology of characters who here once more play their parts. "Those who know Bertram Wooster best are aware that in his journey through life he is impeded and generally snootered by about as scaly a platoon of aunts as was ever assembled," and here they are again—the formidable Aunt Agatha and Aunt Dahlia, who is by contrast "invariably matey and bonhomous." There are various engagingly unsuitable ladies who propose to marry either Mr. Wooster or one of his friends, such as Young Tuppy. There are also various children—the Kid Clementina, Bonzo, who "has been from his cradle a pest," and "England's premier fiend in human shape," Young Thos. "Life is like that, sir," says Jeeves consolingly on one occasion. Alas! it is not, but how we wish it were!

B. D.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

WAGNER IN EXILE, by Woldemar Lippert, translated by Paul English (Hartap, 10s. 6d.); SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK, by M. R. James (Dent, 5s.); EXMOOR AND OTHER DAYS, by Arthur O. Fisher (Constable, 10s. 6d.); FICTION.—TUCK OF DRUM, by Alfred Tressidder Sheppard (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.); BACKWATER, by T. S. Stripling (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.); THE BODY ON THE BUS, by Leonard Hollingworth (Murray, 7s. 6d.).

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER

THE six pictures here reproduced are taken from a "strip" of English sporting and social history. The originals, in the collection of Messrs. Colnaghi, are six perfect prints of Henry Alken's "High Mettled Racer"—six pictures from a passage of history which may be said to start with George Stubbs and the 1770's and to end with J. F. Herring in 1865. Alken's "Racer" is seen at about the middle of the "strip," "Aquatints by Alken and Sutherland, published March 1st, 1821, by S. and J. Fuller."

Looking at these pictures, we may modestly claim that English history, sporting and otherwise, improves rather than repeats itself. Those hundred years and more ago the miseries of peace and Peterloo had followed on agonies of war. It was a sporting nation, this England of a hundred and nine years ago. It is a significant fact that, searching around for pictures of life

about a hundred years ago, we can nowhere find the entire picture—nowhere put together the "strip" complete—save only in this matter of a sporting England. It is significant of *this* fact—that a hundred years ago the "sport-attitude" was being finally and indelibly stamped on the English character.

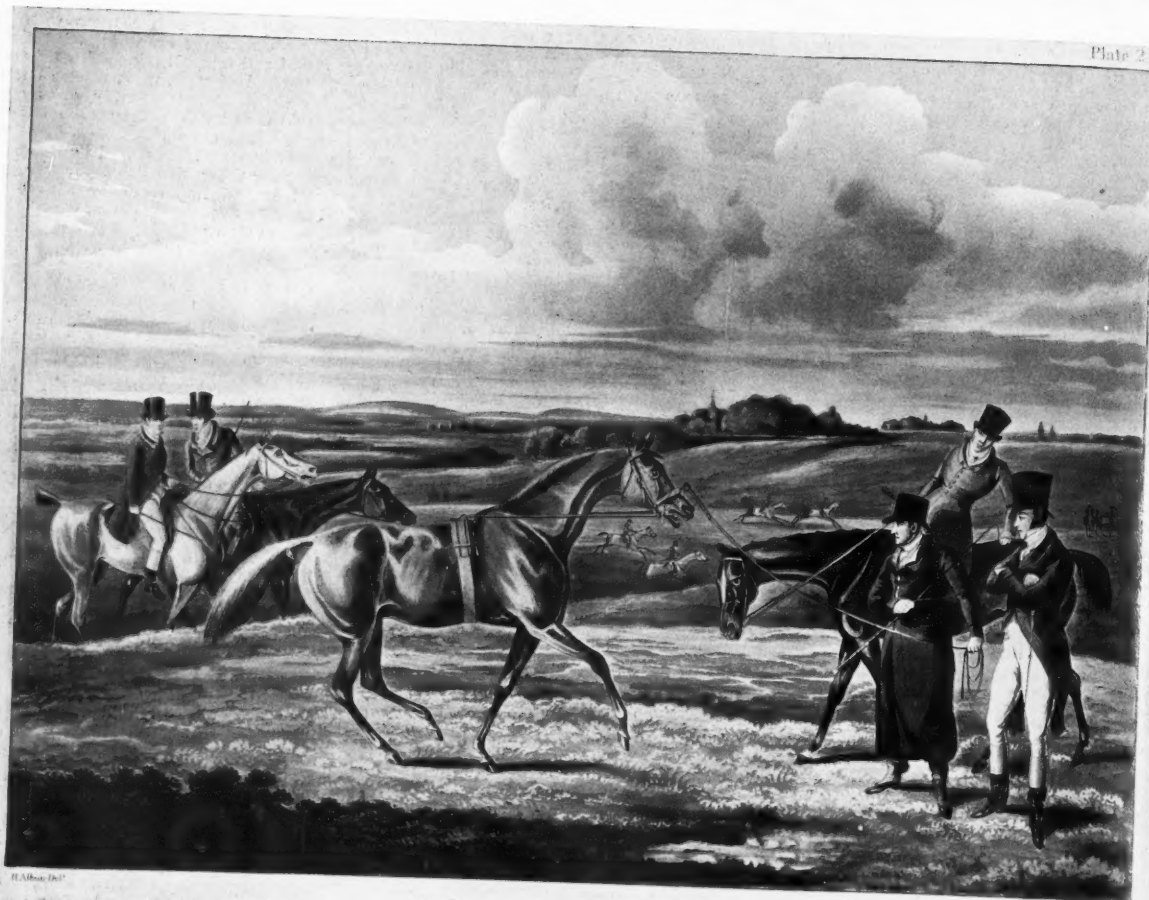
At present we can get this sporting picture complete. With our casual, English, way of doing things it is as if these pictures of an English "basis" have only been preserved for us to-day by chance. And the chances are, it would seem, that our casualness will to-morrow result in the picture being broken up before a strip of past history can be lodged in national keeping. If it should come to a matter of saving the bits and pieces a strip of pure "Henry Alken" (that most prolific artist) would almost do the trick—would show us an almost complete picture of the outdoor life and sportsmanship of a hundred years ago. It



THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

THE FOAL

THE FOAL



THE HIGH METTLED RACER.

IN TRAINING.

IN TRAINING.



THE HIGH METTLED RACER.

THE RACER.

THE RACER.

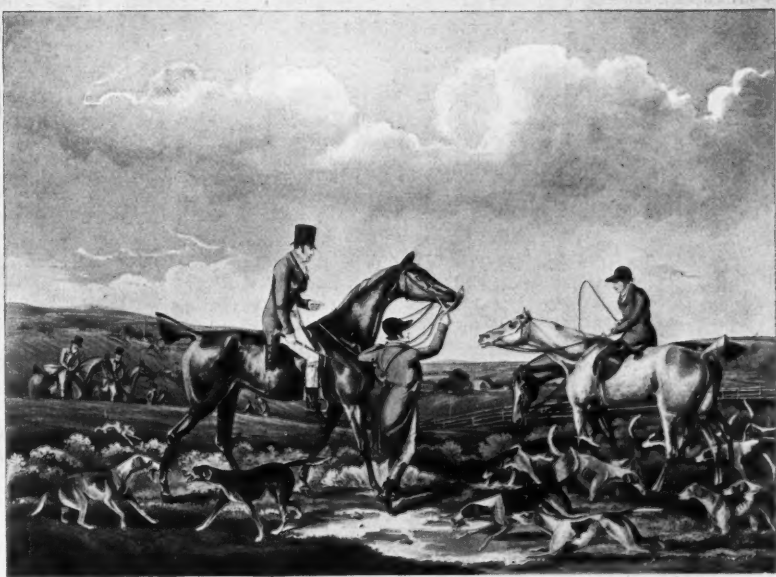
would be a thousand pities if a national collection were only to contain pure Alken, but it would be a dreadful tragedy if there were no Alken in it at all.

The "High Mettled Racer" engravings of 1821 may well have resulted from a conscience stab—a dwelling upon the high mettle of horses and the lower morals of sportsmen. The year before were published Alken's fifty plates of "The Sports of Great Britain." In 1820 Great Britons and sportsmen must include bear-baiting, bull-baiting, drawing the badger and "owling" among their sports. It may well be that Alken the Dane feared that these English sportsmen were in danger of growing at once a trifle too high-flown and too callous in their sportsmanship. "High Mettled Racer" was neither a chance nor a carefully thought out title: Alken himself used it again for a later set of prints, Rowlandson and Wolstenholme had both already used it—a common phrase of the time, a cant, hypocritical phrase, pretending a reverence for and understanding of this gallant thoroughbred horse, such as was not borne out by the common treatment of him. In the first two plates all goes well—or well enough—since we cannot suppose that that monstrous fishing-rod of a whip was much used in the training of a high-mettled racer. In the third picture Alken himself doubtless saw nothing much amiss. In the coloured plate we note that the horse running third is bleeding freely from that use of the spur. No doubt that was his fault—for being third. As to the whips—well, after all, it is only in 1930 that we are thinking of forbidding the use of whips in racing: thinking of forbidding them only in two year old races, and at present only thinking. No, the artist himself will have seen nothing much wrong until he came to Plate V—"The Post Horse." And here, noting a failure in sportsmanship, Alken is careful not to exaggerate. The scene is an ordinary one: the bystanders are ordinary, decent-looking fellows showing a decent concern at yet another repetition of a common road tragedy of the day and of our own yesterday. If the stableman in the loft is, on the whole, more concerned to tease his terrier with a dead rat than to bother about a broken-kneed horse—well, the peering anxiety of the lady at the back door of the inn will, perhaps, adjust the moral situation. But, really, Mr. Alken rather overdoes it. We can believe that a partly patched-up racer with a badly marked knee would have been sold down the scale into every sort of servile employment in a posting stables. We can see him as chay-oss, gig horse, or what not: but to have set a broken-kneed thoroughbred to a further breaking—of his heart—drawing sand in a heavy farm cart—that would have required a master who was even greater fool than knave.

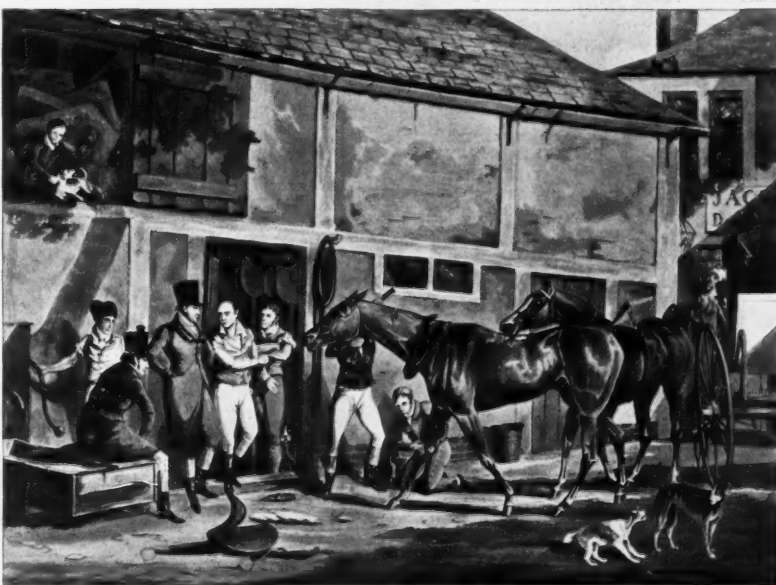
However, if it didn't happen in real life, Alken made it happen in Plate VI. And we see that he has the knacker all in the picture—being persuaded to make an offer for old skin and bones. After all, whatever the manner of a racer's ending, the knacker was bound to come in at some time or other, and still is bound to do so to-day: but in this picture of a hundred years ago Alken will bring him in at once, and bring in, also, the racer's original owner. Alken will picture that owner as a decent fellow showing a decently restrained regret for the plight of this saddle-wrung, worn-out, broken-kneed racer of his. But anything which the artist can do to make this picture less distressing for a distinguished owner—well, that he will do.

In any case, these prints are a delight to behold as well as a revelation of the history and psychology of our race. Once again, then, why should we not have that National Gallery of Sporting Pictures about which we have heard so much and in which Alken will have so honourable and prominent a place? Echo answers "Why?" Can nobody do anything about it?

CRASCREDO.



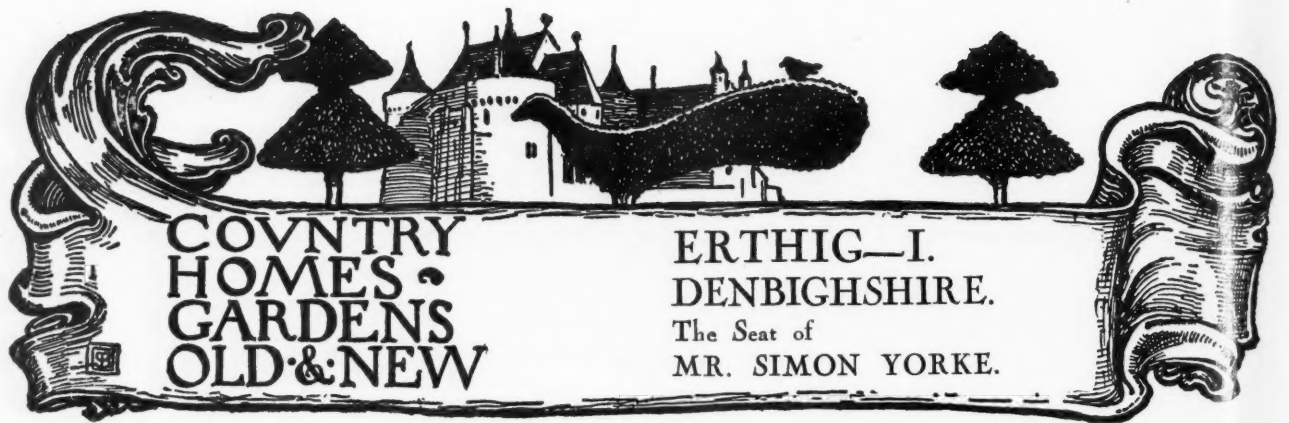
THE HUNTER.



THE POST HORSE.



THE DEATH.



Erthig is a brick house built in James II's reign; with minor additions and alterations in the eighteenth century.

ERTHIG in Denbighshire largely retains the character given to it in the reign of James II, and the east façade of the long, low, red brick house still "looks through heavily sash-barred windows on to the walled parterres and formal water, flanked by ordered ranks of trees." If it had been on the itinerary of Celia Fiennes, who travelled widely in England in the reign of William III and Anne, she would have approved of it as a "compleat" and *à la moderne* as Stoke Edith. Of the building and finishing of such houses it is usually impossible to give any detailed record, but by some lucky chance the history of Erthig survives. We have not only the estimate of its builder, one Thomas Webb, free mason of Middlewich, one of those overseers or obscure "surveyors," who "gave draughts" and undertook to watch "the building & finishing of a case or body of a new house," but some record of the finishing of the house which was left to trained adepts in the crafts.

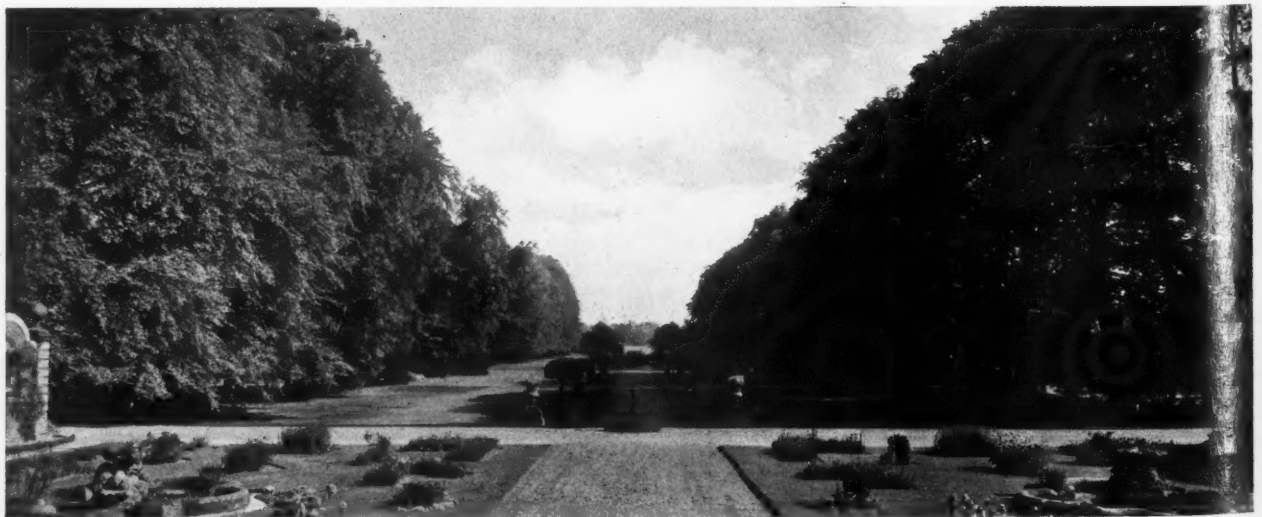
Erthig is mentioned in 1472 as "Eurthicote," and in 1549 as "Erthecote." The mound castle now enclosed within the grounds of Erthig Park, and occupying with its enclosures the summit of a bluff, may have been constructed by Hugh, the Domesday Earl of Chester, and have marked the farthest limit of the Norman power in this part of Wales. At the foot of the main line of high ground runs the small River Clywedog, a tributary of the Dee, fed by a small stream called the Black brook. "The high land comes to a sudden termination at the Black brook, and at the point of the hill above the confluence of the two streams is placed the mound of the castle. The drop on the west to the Clywedog, and on the south to the Black brook is about 150 feet, so that the position is a promontory." Along the margin of the hill above the Clywedog runs Wats' Dyke, which afforded the early defenders of the hill an additional line of defence. The house of Erthig was built by Joshua Edisbury, son of a John Edisbury, (steward to Sir Thomas Myddleton



Copyright.

1.—THE EAST FRONT

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

2.—THE GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARDS THE FORMAL WATER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE EAST FRONT, LOOKING NORTH.

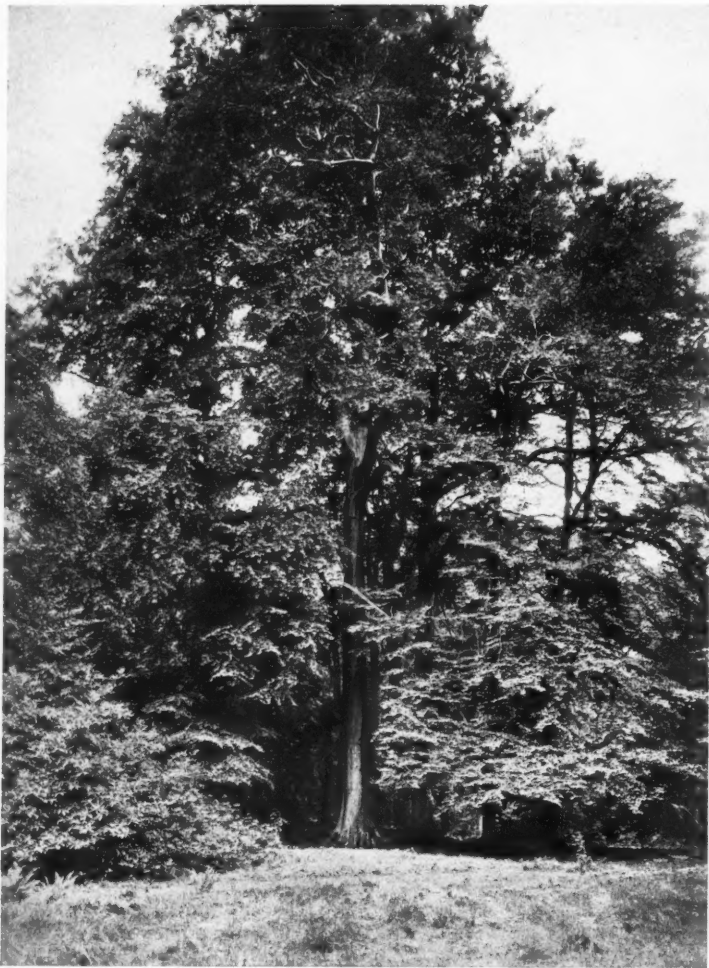
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE EAST FRONT, LOOKING SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



5 - A GIANT BEECH.

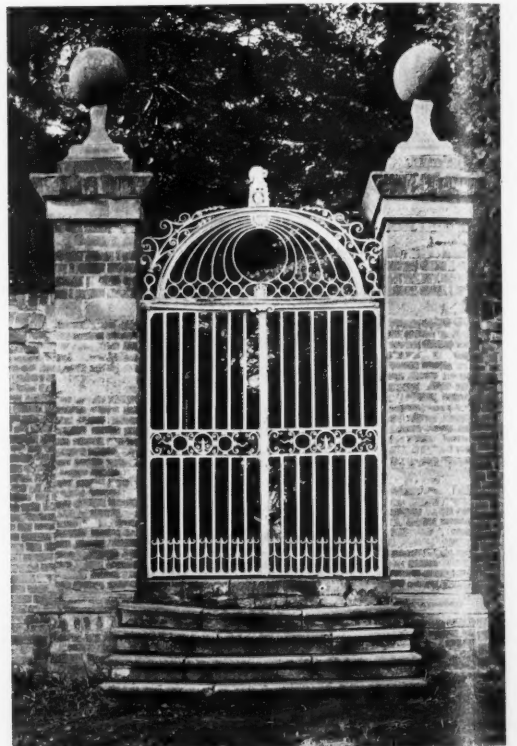


Copyright.

6.—THE CATHEDRAL AISLE.

"C.L."

of Chirk), who had acquired the property, and died in 1677. Joshua Edisbury was (according to the historian of the "old house on the Dyke") "a jovial, easy going country gentleman, addicted unfortunately to speculation, chiefly in mines, and to gambling in the then national sport of cock fighting. He borrowed freely in every direction, never paid interest on his mortgages or bonds, but preferred after a few years to renew the obligation for capital and interest," not infrequently borrowing further sums from the same person. Not long after Edisbury was High Sheriff of the county (1682) he decided to establish himself in a fashionable manner on an open site at the edge of the tableland, a great stretch fringed with woody steepes. Edisbury called in not one of the great architects busy with church and official architecture, but a local master mason, one Thomas Webb of Middlewich in Cheshire, who covenanted and agreed to "undertake and perform the care and oversight of the contriving, building and finishing of a case or body of a new house for the said Joshua Edisbury att Erthigge aforesaid (the same case nevertheless to be built and finished at the cost of the said Joshua Edisbury, his heires or assignes)



7.—GATE WITH THE YORKE CREST.

according to the designs, compass, manner and methodde of draughts already given by the said Thomas Webb." Though these "draughts" have not survived, we have his estimate of the cost of the new building, in a memorandum entitled "An account of y^e Charge of A house 85 ft long & 50 ft deepe according to a draft deliver'd to Joshua Edisbury Esq^r":

Hond Sir, The Bricke-worke will be	
2326yds, which at 6d per yard is ..	58 03 00
The straight Arches over y ^e windows will	
be 58, wch at 1s. 8d. pr Arch costs ..	£04 16 08
The Lime used about Stone & Bricke ..	£24 10 00
The stone-worke will cost ..	£98 00 00
The glazeing will be 1778 feet at 4½ per	
foot which will cost ..	£33 06 09
The carpenters' & Joiners' Worke about	
case of ye House costs ..	£205 00 00
The Iron worke & Nailes cost ..	£64 00 00
The Lead & Workmanship of it costs ..	£110 00 00
The Slates & slateing will cost ..	£43 15 00
The Flagging & Laying ye Soughs & Harths	27 00 00
The clearing ye Foundations & scaffold	
cords will cost ..	10 00 00

The Plastering I have here omitted because some of the roomes may be wainscotted & other inferior Roomes may not be plastered at all.

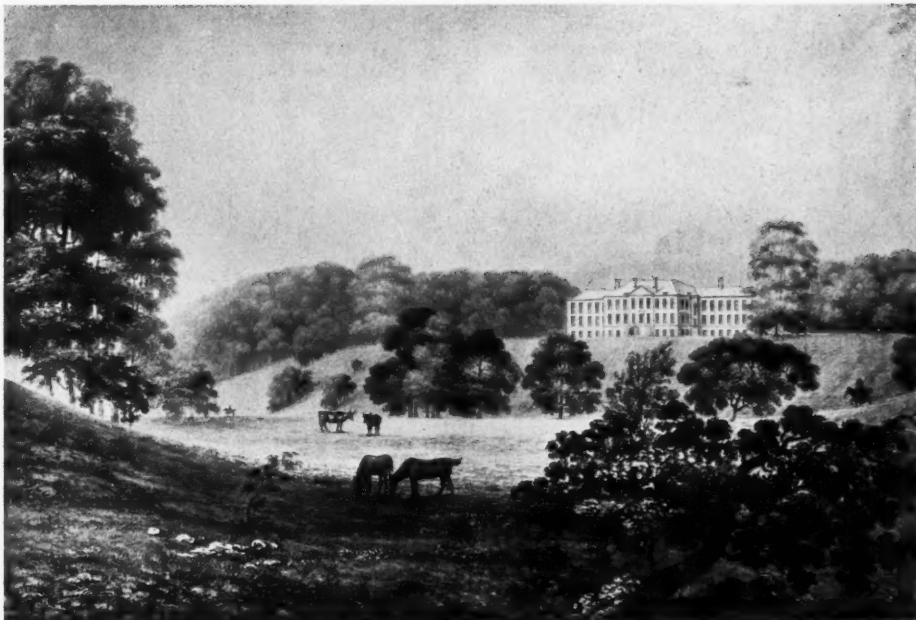
The Master is to bring to the place all manner of Bricke & Stone & Slate for ye carrying on of ye worke.

Webb was paid not a percentage as is the present custom, but the "sume of fifty poundes of lawfull English Monie for such his care & oversight as aforesaid," and also "the said Joshua Edsbury, his heires & assignes, shall and will, at his & their coste, keep the said Thomas Webb with meat, drink and lodging, & also Meate for his horse att Erthigge aforesaid as often as hee shall come & stay there about the said worke."

It was not, however, until the following March that agreements were signed between Joshua Edisbury and three master craftsmen, a bricklayer, a mason and carpenter who were to build the house. William Carter "of the Cittie of Chester, Bricklayer" is to "well laye the stone" for a foundation, and also "doe & p'form all the Brickeworke of what kind & sort whatsoever." Edward Price, the mason, is to shape and set all the dressed stonework, such as coigns, cornice and plinth, also the doorcases with pediments to the entrances, and the "bases, topp stones, heads & capitalls of the chimneys." The carpenter, Philip Rogers of Eyton (also described as of Erbistock), near Erthig, was to "square, sawe, fframe & raise all & every the carpentry to be done on or about the erecting & finishing of the new capital Messuage." But he dallied so much that the whole house was "retarded to ye damage and disappointment of Edisbury," who took out two warrants

against him for breach of contract.

Joshua Edisbury's house can be seen in the centre of the east front, which is built of a rough-textured, dull-coloured brick. The two end pavilions (one containing the chapel and the other the offices), which have no basement, and have a row of circular windows between the two tiers of sashes, are also Joshua



Copyright.

8.—WATER COLOUR OF WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Edisbury's work; but at some date not later than the reign of George I the intervals between the centre and ends were filled in with brickwork of a bright uniform red, closely set. These additions are stressed by a slight projection, by stone coigns and by vase-surmounted panels on the balustrade. Badeslade's view shows the west front in the early years of George II, before its casing, and still surmounted by a cupola. There is a railed forecourt with iron gates in the centre opposite the door of the house; but this formalism was swept away in George III's reign.

The garden behind the house, with its central parterre and walk leading to the formal water with flanking avenues, dates from the time when the broad expanses of grass and water, the great mass-formation of trees in which Le Nôtre delighted, were in fashion in England. That wider prospects were not forgotten we see by the note beneath Badeslade's engraving, that "the gravel walk in the wood is between twenty and thirty yards high above the River and overlooking ye country



Copyright

9.—THE HOUSE AND FORMAL WATER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

10.—THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

11.—THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

12.—THE TAPESTRY ROOM SHOWING PANEL OF SOHO TAPESTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



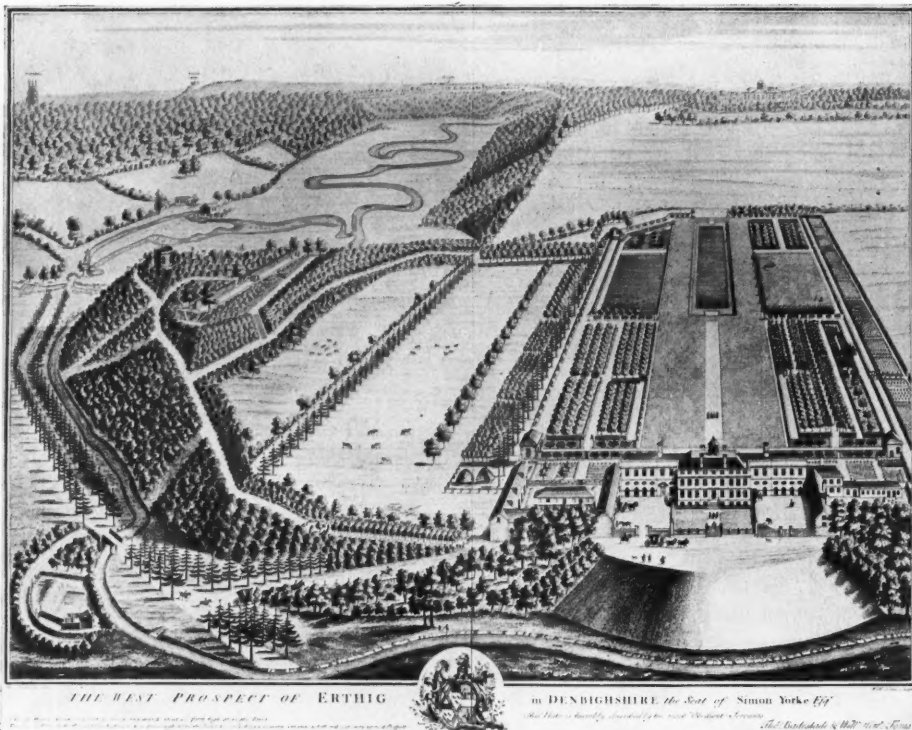
Copyright.

13.—THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

comands at both ends of it a very agreeable prospect."

The period of the later Stuarts was the great age of the joiner, and to him was assigned the lining of rooms with oak in great and small houses. To this period belongs the wainscot of the saloon, the tapestry room, the long gallery and rooms on the first floor. In the saloon the panels measure between four and five feet in width, and the joints necessary in so wide a space are close and barely visible. In Joshua Edisbury's time, marbling and graining were permitted to vary the colour of wall surfaces, and a letter in 1692 speaks of wainscot grained to resemble princewood, and another room treated "sumewhat like ash."



The gates and railings opening from the Wrexham Road, though dating from the early eighteenth century and the work of local smiths, are not original to Erthig, but were given to Mr. Yorke in 1902. These gates and railings—"the latter," as Mr. Maxwell Ayrton writes, "probably the richest example of wrought iron railing existing in England"—were made originally for

Stansty Park, a neighbouring house. There can be little doubt that they are the work of the brothers Robert and John Davies of Bersham, and should be compared with the railing at Chirk Castle in the same county, where the cresting is also of unusual richness.

RIGHT AND WRONG SWINGERS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

"AM I a right swinger or am I a wrong swinger?" That is the question that must have lately been agitating the breasts of those golfers who have, like me, been reading Dr. Forest's new book (*The Golf Stroke*, by James Forest, M.D. Thomas Murby and Co., 22s. 6d.) and gazing awestruck upon its exciting pictures. It is, moreover, a question that we have all got to face without flinching, because Dr. Forest says we are either the one or the other, sheep or goats. He admits that we may sometimes produce moderately good results in the wrong way, also that both at the top and the finish of our swing we may look to the untrained observer as if we were swinging in the right way when we are not, but there can be no paltering with the truth; at that moment in the stroke when things happen so quickly that nobody can see precisely what we are doing we do either the right or the wrong thing and our position among golfers is decided accordingly.

I find this a most difficult situation, because I have been in the habit of regarding myself, perhaps too complacently, as a sort of cross-bred animal, with the head of a sheep, let us say, and the shanks of a goat. I have hitherto believed that my method of swinging could not be wholly erroneous, for, if it had been, I could not have attained to even the very small amount of mild success that has come my way. At the same time I have never been so grossly presumptuous as to believe my method wholly right. I have watched the great men who obviously do swing the club in the right way and I have never flattered myself that I looked like them. I only state the matter thus egotistically because it is the easiest way of expressing what is, I am sure, in the minds of many other reasonably modest persons. Yet it appears that we are either too modest or not modest enough, because we must be either right or wrong. That centaur-like creature, mostly goat with a dash of sheep, can only exist in our imagination.

Well now, what is, according to Dr. Forest, the difference between the right way and the wrong? It is not easy to express in words, presuming that one understands it, and I have not space here to deal with it at length. His own words need the reinforcement of his very generous amount of photographs. However, I will do the best I can. "The basis of the stroke," Dr. Forest says, "is the hitting of the ball with a turn of the

hands. This action is in reality a turn of the arms, but its appreciation is simplified by a description in terms of hand movement. It may be referred to as a climbing over of the right hand or as a scissor movement, but a turn of the hands is the expression less liable to be misunderstood." Let me now quote his description of the wrong swing: "This stroke is the instinctive way to hit a golf ball because it gives an impression of hitting upwards, making the ball rise. Being the natural method, almost everybody adopts it, but, though the natural way, it is the wrong stroke. With this stroke the ball is hit with a forward movement of the hands. In this movement two actions are concerned. The whole arm moves forwards, and, at the moment of striking, the hands are thrust forward by a bend of the wrist in order to make the club head lead."

It is not possible, as I said, to do Dr. Forest full justice in an article, but let us just take those two definitions. We should all admit, I suppose, this much: that the "climbing over" of the right wrist is a feature of every good golfer's swing. It is much more noticeable in some than in others. Abe Mitchell is the obvious instance to give. He seems, as it were, to hold his left arm almost still for a moment, waiting for the right wrist to come swishing through and over with tremendous force. Another player that occurs to me is Mr. Michael Scott, though I doubt whether, as he has grown older, he relies on this method as much as he did. We should also admit that there are many golfers—not eminent ones—who give the ball a sort of push with very little, if any, turn of the wrists at all. These admissions would not, however, satisfy Dr. Forest. He would say that many wrong swingers do turn their wrists owing to the momentum of the club, but they only do it partially and after the ball has been struck, so that their swing is but a simulacrum of the right one. His point is, as I understand it, that in the right swing this turning movement begins before the moment of impact. The posed photographs by which he illustrates it show this, and they further show the club head revolving and so turning very markedly inwards immediately after the ball is struck.

Admittedly posed photographs must not be too fiercely criticised. They are not intended to show what does happen, but rather to show the learner in an exaggerated way the sort of thing they ought to imagine happening; but even so I find these

pictures hard to swallow. And they are nothing to some other ones, showing the learner the position in which he ought to "feel to be in" in order to get rid of his long-accustomed faults. I managed to contort myself into some of these attitudes first of all with the poker and then with a club, and I must honestly say that never in my most despondent moods have I felt half as unlikely to hit the ball. However, Dr. Forest lays great stress on "the delusive nature of muscular sensations," so, perhaps, I really should have hit it after all.

When I first began to read Dr. Forest's book I swore a solemn oath to myself that, whatever happened, I would not go out and try to hit a real ball according to his prescriptions. I have done my so-called swing serious injury before now owing to the writers of textbooks, and I resolved not to be tricked again but to leave well alone. But I am a poor weak creature, and the Doctor was so earnest and so confoundingly seductive that it was not long before I was out of doors, first in the garden with a mashie-niblick and later with a driving iron in an imperfectly cut hayfield. The results were not very revolutionary or alarming. Perhaps I did not go the whole hog, or perhaps—a timid and beautiful hope—I am more or less of a right swinger after all. I seemed to myself to have been less right with the mashie-niblick than the driving iron, for some of my pitches on the new system nearly broke the drawing-room

window instead of, as they normally do, stopping comfortably short, whereas the iron shots appeared to be of their usual mediocrity. One thing I did draw the line at, I did not attempt to putt on the "right" principle, and I fancy it is here that Dr. Forest will find it hardest to make converts. I acknowledge that my eye is not quick enough to detect exactly what the illustrious ones do at the moment of impact in driving; but, hang it all! I am not so blind but that I can see what they do on the green, and I really do not think they putt with a "scissors" movement, though no doubt the head of the club does turn a little at the end of a long putt. Dr. Forest owns that "wrong swingers who are learning the right stroke show a disinclination to change their putting," but he adds, "on this question there can be no compromise, for unless the ball is hit on the green with a turn of the hands, the old stroke gradually reasserts itself." So there it is, we must take it or leave it, we must be one kind of animal or the other, and for myself I feel that I shall probably stay as I am, in the belief that I may be of the right kind, and anyhow you can't teach an old goat new sheep's tricks. If I have now and again allowed cheerfulness to break through in this account of Dr. Forest's book, it is not that I do not think it interesting. Whether sound or not it is interesting, and if he rides his hobby rather hard that is much better than riding it slackly.

AT THE THEATRE

SOME HOLIDAY MUSINGS

IT was said about Jules Lemaître, the famous French dramatic critic, that his chief charm was his discursiveness. Give him an inch of liberty away from his subject, wrote A. B. Walkley or somebody, and our dear Jules would take any number of ells. Indeed, this business of talking and writing off the point has many distinguished precedents, one of which has always vastly entertained me in the recollection. This was the occasion when, in the columns of the *Saturday Review*, the late J. F. Runciman announced that in the next number he would discuss "Tristan and Isolde" on its first production at Covent Garden. But J. F. R. reckoned without his host, and Covent Garden *more suo*, of course, did not produce "Tristan." I do not remember what went wrong, and probably the management of those days did not bother about explanation. All that happened was that a tubby and bediamonded gentleman arrived in front of the curtain and casually announced that "Faust" would be substituted. Whereat, of course, there was much chortling among the assembled dowagers, but whereupon also the figure of J. F. R. rose in its wrath and stalked from the theatre. Nevertheless, I remember to this day J. F. R.'s magnificent account of what Wagner's opera would have been like if it had been vouchsafed.

It is remarkable that the dearth of new pieces should coincide with so many other things I want to say having only a modicum of connection with the theatre. In fact, none, and that is why I began by invoking the spirit of Jules Lemaître. But the things I have in mind are not, I think, without interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, so much so that but for this space which it is my duty and privilege to fill, I must have indited a series of Letters to the Editor. First, then, in the matter of W. G. Grace and how a modern batsman has exceeded the G.O.M.'s aggregate of runs. Our daily and evening papers have made a great fuss about this, not realising that only half of Grace's achievement has been exceeded. I forget how many thousand wickets Grace took, and it is, perhaps, convenient for modern reputation that we should forget Grace's undoubted ability as a bowler. As a batsman Grace was not pretty to watch. For one thing, the bat seemed too short, and as he always held it at half-cock, you always thought the bowler would get well underneath it. I still think the best way of getting Grace out was a way nobody ever tried, that is, an underhand sneak. But Grace at the batsman's crease reduced other players to midget size as a great actor dwarfs lesser men. He might have come out of Shakespeare, and certainly he and good Sir John had a great deal in common. There was that about Grace, and it was not mere size, which marks the great performer in any sphere. This was more than the height, the paunch, the black beard, and the red and yellow cap. Something more, even, than the sum of these. And that something was genius. That stage-player is not a great actor of whom a spectator has to ask: Which is he? And, of course, in this respect Grace's bulk did certainly help. One hates, of course, to be the chanter of past glories to the prejudice of present fame. But there is something about the cricketers

of my youth which I miss in the players of to-day. When, in my time, two were batting and one was Archie Maclaren or R. H. Spooner or even J. T. Tyldesley, one had not to ask for them to be pointed out. One was all majesty, another all grace, and the little man holding his bat at the extremity of its handle got runs on a principle of lever and fulcrum which marked him out from the rest of the cricketing fraternity. I do not believe that this individuality can persist in a day in which the game is become a science and its exponents brilliant machines. I am not scientifically or mechanically minded; no man who loves the theatre is. In my view all science and all machinery are dull.

The next letter I should have written would have concerned a point raised by Mr. Bernard Darwin in his article entitled: "Nine Months of Steel." That the courtesies be observed I desire first to say that my attitude towards Mr. Darwin is that which Robert Louis Stevenson professed for Elizabeth Bennett: "She has only to speak and I am at her knees." Jane Austen's character had a silver tongue; Mr. Darwin has a silver pen. In his article, my colleague wrote:—"Steel has not, I believe, removed one single golfer into a higher class than he was in before." Obviously man's nature is unchangeable from his cradle. But leaving metaphysic on one side, I propose, very tentatively and humbly, to help Mr. Darwin in his unbelief. I know a golfer who, in the days of wood regarded a 79 as an occasion for rejoicing, and champagne. Thrice, perhaps, in a year. To-day, that same golfer regards anything over 79 as a reason for visiting his doctor. Mr. Darwin knows so much of the last things about golf that he has become a little hazy about the first. Golf has only three difficulties. The first is to hit the ball at all. The second is to hit it the right distance. The third is to hit it in the right direction. Steel has annihilated this last, and the golfer referred to above finds it completely impossible not to cover the pin with any and every iron shot. In his opinion, since the tiger country is no more, steel has made the game too easy, and the great glory of golf which was its uncertainty has departed.

I wonder, by the way, if this exquisite critic and brilliant writer has had his attention called to a passage in a book on D. H. Lawrence, written by one of those clever young men who, at twenty, contrive to begin life where at seventy a Meredith and a Hardy left off. This particular genius writes:—"If anyone presented Lawrence with a golf-club, or a cricket-bat he would (at least, I hope he would) crack him over the head with it. The nadir of imbecility to which the sporting Englishman descends can only be faintly indicated by reference to the golfing articles in *The Times*." I cannot conceive that Mr. Darwin is ever gruelled for a subject; that does not happen to genius. But it seems to me that there is a subject here. My own view is that if Mr. Aldington presented Mr. Bobby Jones or Mr. A. P. F. Chapman with a volume of D. H. Lawrence that player would (at least, I hope he would) crack him over the head with it. But diffuseness must have an end, and I find on referring to my volume of Lemaître that even at his most

excursionist he was careful to wind up with some reference to some play of the moment. Let me therefore say that "The Scorpion," the new thriller produced at the King's Theatre,

Hammersmith, on Bank Holiday, was a very good Bank-Holiday thriller, in which Mr. Reginald Bach as an irascible German gave a superb performance. GEORGE WARRINGTON.

ANOTHER STAGHUNTING SEASON



HOUNDS ON THE MOOR AT CLOUTSHAM.

THE Devon and Somerset Staghounds will meet on Wednesday at Cloutsham (opening meet)." Once again the familiar notice has appeared, and the usual enormous crowd has gathered on Cloutsham Ball. No doubt the thoughts of all staghunters in exile turned in that direction too, and some may, perhaps, have wondered whether the Chase of the wild red deer flourishes as in former years. One reads of an arterial road across Exmoor and of societies pledging themselves to abolish hunting—can it be that the twentieth century has no place for the stag and the staghound? Let any who have been disturbed by such misgivings be reassured, for it can safely be stated that staghunting is quite unaffected, and that never before has the standard of sport been higher. The number of visitors steadily increases, but the organisation remains in the hands of the same experienced local supporters, and the sight of the little groups of farmers on their ponies would gladden the heart of any "up-country" M.F.H.

Actually the pack itself has changed considerably during the last five or six seasons. For whereas the annual entry had until then consisted of hounds drafted (usually for size) from foxhound kennels, all the puppies required are now bred at the kennels at Exford. Consequently the hounds no longer hunt in a long drawn-out line—the traditional formation for staghounds—but "carry a head" like good foxhounds, and from being a collection of individual types have now become a level and a very good-looking pack. But no aged staghunter need fear that efficiency in the field has been sacrificed to "prettiness" in the kennel. The pack are keener than ever, and although the huntsman, Ernest Bawden, happens

to be an excellent kennelman, as regards killing deer he is a real artist. There may have been other huntsmen of the Devon and Somerset who have appealed more to the gallery, or who have conducted the Chase with more ceremony, but there has never been one who was quicker across country or who accounted for his deer in more brilliant style.

This reduction of staghunting to a fine art is the most effective defence against any humanitarian attack. Staghunting is a serious business for the stag, and no one who hunts with the Devon and Somerset is likely to overlook the fact. As long as staghunting lasts the deer will be killed only by responsible people—abolish it and under the resulting veil of secrecy any amount of suffering may be inflicted. So far the humanitarians have merely caused the farmers to lend their support more actively to the staghounds (in which they take a very proper pride) and, incidentally, also to the local foxhounds. Another effect of the agitation is the formation at Minehead of a society to protect the interests of hunting in general, and since the management of this venture is in excellent hands, its future success is virtually assured. In fact, staghunting at the moment is very much on the alert. But it has not in any way lost its dignity, its individuality, or its charm. The Chase is in principle as unvarying as Exmoor itself, and to a casual visitor the discreet but perceptible side-whiskers displayed by the huntsman are enough to intimate that the Devon and Somerset Staghounds are an old and respectable institution, impervious alike to the dictates of fashion and to the criticisms of those who know not the wild red deer. M.F.



THE OPENING MEET.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may perhaps care to see some extracts from a letter from my nephew in Africa describing a chase after a herd of elephant. "The broad track led straight from the village to a wilderness of long grass and thick timber. For a dozen miles it ran as straight as an arrow and as clearly marked as a highway until the numerous deviations showed that the pace had slackened. Then all of a sudden came a squeal—an angry mother admonishing an obstreperous calf—heralding a lucky day with a short trek. The herd, feeling secure in the long grass, had decided to move no farther. The bag of ashes, invaluable, though primitive, anemometer of the elephant-hunter, was brought into use and the stalk was planned. The drifting white cirrus of ash showing a wind coming straight from the herd to us. As we approached, the sounds without which elephant-hunting in thick bush would become well-nigh impossible, became apparent; now came a snort, now the sound of a breaking branch; then an occasional squeal and then the heavy abdominal rumble, the most helpful sound of all in locating elephant in thick cover. After several advances and retreats a view of the great grey backs was obtained by scaling a convenient tree, and the bull, my quarry, was picked up through the glasses. His greater bulk distinguished him as he stood surrounded by his cows, his trunk gently caressing a favoured cow and then reaching on high to pluck a succulent leafy twig from the branches above his head. Full-fed and drowsy, the herd would not move until the heat of the day had passed, unless disturbed by that arch-enemy of all wild things—man. Moving cautiously forward, my gun-bearer at my heels, I approached the sounds. Suddenly a dark bulk loomed up through the grass a dozen yards away.

"Stiff as pointers we stood until it passed. Creeping forward again with a due regard to the wind, we threaded our way between the scattered outlying cows and young bulls. We did not pass unchallenged, for one wary old mother of a playful calf, catching a whiff of tainted breeze, swung round, with trunk flung forward and sail-like ears outstretched. A kind lull in the wind saved us, and her curiosity satisfied, she dropped her trunk and moved away. The tree under which the bull had been marked from the last look-out was now only thirty yards away, and we moved on. Suddenly the grass opened out into the little clearing the milling herd had trampled before settling down. The old bull, surrounded by half a dozen of his harem, stood a score of yards from me facing directly away, offering a possible target, but not a sure one. This was no moment for chances, though, so I moved round, but hurriedly, for a fickle gust of wind might easily betray me. The twenty paces became fifteen as we manoeuvred round, and the nearest cow was a bare eight yards from me before I saw my target—that little hollow, the size of a

man's palm, between eye and ear. Then came another nervous wait while the exploring trunk of an intervening cow reached up to pluck a tuft of leaves. Slowly it went up and as slowly came down. A tense moment of aiming, and the trigger was pressed. Then pandemonium broke loose! The roar of the heavy rifle, the crashing of trees and undergrowth and the flitting of the giant forms as they passed through the dense grass in full retreat. But the prize was won! The bull, after a convulsive quiver, slowly collapsed and fell with a crash, shot through the brain. A short dash forward and a scramble took me on to his side, giving me a point of vantage where I could see the retreating backs of the herd. The first blind rush over and the danger located, they settled into an orderly and almost silent retreat, an old cow leading, followed by young bulls and cows, and last the mothers, each with solicitous glances at her young as she shepherded it forward, suiting her pace to its length of limb. As I could see nothing else worth following, I turned to inspect my prize. His one tusk, projecting three full feet from his lip, and his other buried in grass and ploughed-up earth, promised, at a guess, seventy pounds of ivory apiece: a trophy twice as big as any of my previous kills.

"In answer to a call the carriers came forward, chattering excitedly. Their joyous step changed suddenly to a terror-stricken run as, with a shrill trumpeting, an angry mother questing for a lost calf appeared out of the grass and charged them without hesitation. Head held low, trunk curled against her chest and emitting the terrifying yells of an angry elephant, she made for them. Her progress was like nothing so much as a stately railway engine gliding past. On she came, on the heels of the fleeing carriers, who, holding their original course, came right past me. No alternative appeared save to shoot her, so, hoping to turn her from the carriers, I put a bullet into the top of her neck as she passed. Far from being cowed, she turned to find the source of her annoyance and, seeing me standing on her fallen lord, turned to rend me. A quick snapshot between the eyes dropped her in her tracks and she lunged forward on to her knees and then rolled over on to her side, her trunk flung forward to lie across the outstretched trunk of the old bull."—HEDLEY W. LEWIS.

THE COUNTY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, DERBY: PROPOSED DEMOLITION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The County Assembly Rooms at Derby were built about the same period as Kedleston Hall—they were building in 1765, and, owing to their style and period, are traditionally attributed to Robert Adam. It has been suggested that James Paine may have assisted. Doubts have been expressed as to the façade not being in the approved "Adam" style, but there can be no question about the interior. The ballroom is an entirely authentic specimen of the Greek Renaissance in England.

It is undoubtedly the masterpiece of the structure, and in every detail is still in its original condition. The beautiful plasterwork is almost without a blemish and the artificial lighting retains its old plan. The noble chandeliers of cut glass are the principal features, with wall brackets as auxiliaries. I can think of no civic building in the Midlands which can compare with it in beauty of style, and its loss will be an artistic and historical calamity. The Corporation of Derby has obtained powers for compulsory purchase from the trustees, and intend to clear the site for the erection of a new Town Hall. In carrying out the full scheme not only will this building be lost, but also a large Elizabethan house in half-timber and numerous seventeenth and eighteenth century houses, including a perfect specimen of the Queen Anne period. Such is the sad result of tearing out the heart of an old and picturesque town. The Assembly Rooms were built to the order of County Trustees, who included among their number many of the oldest and most influential families in the county. A local artist decorated the whole floor with hunting scenes in coloured chalk, filling in borders and all intermediate spaces with floral wreaths, trophies and the initials of the Hunt. The rules of the Assembly (it began in an earlier building) vividly recall those "exquisites" of old times:

- "No Attorney's Clerk shall be admitted
- "No Shopkeeper or any of his or her Family shall be admitted except Mr Franceys [the Mayor]
- "No Lady shall be allowed to dance in a long white apron
- "All young Ladies in Mantuas shall pay 2/6
- "No Miss in a Coat shall Dance without leave of the Lady of the Assembly
- "Whoever shall transgress any of these Rules shall be turned out of the Assembly-room."

The above were printed with the signatures of six who called themselves the "Ladies and Governors of the Assembly." It was in 1928, after much effort by the County Correspondent, that the Office of Works (Ancient Monuments Board) decided to schedule this building on account of its exceptional artistic interest. But the acquisition of parliamentary powers subsequently overruled this decision, and the loss of the building now seems imminent. In the Bill authorising demolition there is a clause providing for the reconstruction of the façade in some part of the new structures to be erected as part of the scheme. This provision causes some surprise. Apparently it originates with someone who has little idea of the beauty of the interior but is of opinion that the outside is all that merits attention. Probably the rather striking piece of realistic sculpture in the pediment, which represents a collection of band instruments in elegant disarray, is the feature which has converted our leaders to some notions of "art." So they offer us a unique tombstone by way of compensation.—THOMAS L. TUDOR.

[So little of architectural excellence survives in Derby besides James Gibbs' fine



THE DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS.



THE BALLROOM.

church, that it might be thought that the Corporation would regard it as their duty to preserve such an outstandingly beautiful room as this. Encouraged, however, by the success of the West Sussex County Council in destroying Newcastle House, the Derby Corporation has apparently decided that material considerations are of greater value to the city than beauty and dignity. So be it. But in reality the city will be definitely impoverished by the loss of this building.—Ed.]

THE NORTH ORBITAL ROAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to see these photographs of the 5-acre plot of woodland which this Association has bought for the nation on the new North Orbital Road near the village of Denham. The purchase of this land came about in the following manner. The Roads Beautifying Association were asked by the Bucks County Council to draw up a planting scheme for the verges of this new road. When their horticultural and forestry experts saw the beauty of this particular woodland and heard that the timber was to come down in order that the estate might be developed for building purposes, they felt that steps should be taken to preserve it. It is a typical example of the natural sylvan scenery of England, the trees being for the most part beech, with a number of very fine oaks and conifers and some wild cherry trees. Situated as it is on the crest of a hill, it gives extensive views across the valley of the River Colne towards Harefield, and is an essential part of the surrounding landscape.

As the photographs show, the interior of the wood is extremely attractive, and it was bought by the Association with the idea of forming the first roadside reserve in this country on the lines of those very attractive stretches of woodland which are such a feature of the new motor parkways outside New York, and the beauty of which have so much increased the rateable values of the surrounding land.

The purchase was effected in spite of many difficulties and a deficit of £300 on the purchase price is still being shouldered by the Association. The Bucks County Council, although fully sympathising with the project, did not feel justified in spending their ratepayers' money on it. They have, however, undertaken to look after the property, and it is hoped that the public will appreciate what is being done for them and will refrain from damaging either the trees or the natural flowers growing there.

The North Orbital Road is entirely different in its conception from the ordinary arterial roads leading out of London. It is not a by-pass road, and it does not lead to any particularly large town. It will be seventy-five miles in length when ultimately completed, and will be the longest main road so far undertaken by the Ministry of Transport in conjunction with the local authorities. It is a road designed primarily for pleasure, circling as it will do through the beautiful counties of Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire and Essex and round the north of London.—WILFRID ASHLEY.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF GRASSLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your leading article on the improvement of grassland both interests and disturbs me. As the result of dressing all my pastures with basic slag (10cwt. per acre), mainly in January and February, 1929, there is a surprising development of wild white clover on which my cattle and sheep have thrived pleasingly. In one field in particular—acquired in 1928—obviously an old ley, but of which I cannot obtain the history, there seemed little else than this clover early this year. In the hope of encouraging grasses, that a hay crop might be taken, part of this field was dressed with sulphate of ammonia alone and a portion with both sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of potash. The results have been entirely satisfactory, for the hay crop has been very bulky. I calculate that the potash-treated portion produced 15 per cent. more than that receiving nitrogen alone and 30 per cent. more than the part which was only slagged. The bulk was largely due to timothy, but there was an abundance of white clover through the whole field, though the growth of the clover was markedly greater in the completely manured part. The aftermath is growing rapidly in the latter, in which perennial rye is now showing



WOODLAND SHADE.



WOODLAND SUNLIGHT.

freely. I had purposed treating other fields similarly, but if—as your article suggests is possible—the use of nitrogenous manures means the suppression of wild white clover it may be very unwise, seeing that they will be mainly used for grazing. There is so much advocacy of the use of nitrogenous manures on grassland that the warning note of your leading article encourages me to ask if some experienced readers will advise me—

- (A) Whether nitrogenous manures suppress wild white clover with consequent diminution of grazing values.
- (B) Would dressings of potash, in addition to nitrogen and phosphates, retain the clovers or sufficiently encourage good grasses to counterbalance their diminution or loss.
- (C) Whether an abundance of wild white clover (a nitrogen gatherer) would dis-



AT NEWPORT IN ESSEX.

pense with need to use nitrogenous manures if potash and phosphates were applied.

I shall be very grateful for any helpful information, and possibly other readers of COUNTRY LIFE will be. If the feeding values of our grasses and our hay crops can be increased by expenditure on artificials, I, for one, am ready to spend.—C. MILLER.

THE FOOD OF THE PEREGRINE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE No. 1749, Mr. W. H. Robinson supplies a very interesting record of the food found in the six peregrines' eyries in Cumberland. The food will, no doubt, vary according to situation and what is the easiest to obtain, but with regard to the twenty-one grouse remains found and his concluding remarks of therefore only 9.76 per cent of food being game and, therefore, the "rich man" is asked to note this and not regard the peregrine as a game destroyer. I think he has overlooked the fact that these twenty-one grouse were taken in the breeding season and, if hen grouse (and it gets more hen than cock at that time), the loss is $21 \times 7 = 147$, as a brood of seven is not excessive. Apart from this fact, I have noted for many years that the worst damage that very noble bird does to game is from early December to April, when the shooting owner or tenant has ceased to shoot and left his stock of partridges or grouse for breeding; the bird requires or kills daily a grouse, partridge, pigeon or plover (green or golden), or thrushes, starlings, to equal that bulk of food, and it is a heavy drain of stock left, rarely sufficient and never in excess of requirements. The loss of 7.9 per cent. homing pigeons may be a serious matter if good racing birds are unfortunate in being cut off on the home flight, but if merely "strays," i.e., lost young ones which failed to make good on early flights, it is of less import. I have often noticed numbers of young homers round the cliff faces after a release of some hundreds sent up from a distance, and they remain on and eventually join and interbreed with the local "rock pigeons."—M.

THE TIN CAN PLAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you help me with information as to a refuse destructor that will get rid of the multitude of tin cans that accumulate in every village now that so many food products are canned? You cannot bury them and you cannot sell them, but surely there must be some kind of destructor that will help to get rid of these tin cans in more compressed form. I presume that if they could be solidified they would have a certain amount of value. It seems to me that every village will have to provide itself with some means of getting rid of these unsightly tin cans.—RUSTICS.

ALBINO BROWN RATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the spring of 1930 Mr. Gardhouse of Kirklington in Cumberland killed two albino brown rats on his farm and informs me that there is another still at liberty. Both rats were true albinos, as they had white coats and pink eyes. In September, 1918, I killed an albino short-tailed field mouse near Silloth, and have seen a prettily marked pied water-rat in the same neighbourhood.—R. H. BROWN.

AN EAST ANGLIAN HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be glad to know if any of your readers can give the history of a house in the village of Newport, Essex, between Bishop's Stortford and Saffron Walden. The photograph shows the panel of carving below the oriel window, which, if it represents the Virgin and Child, is one of the crudest examples I have ever seen. I have not been able to find out anything about it, and the subject is surely an unusual one for the front of a dwelling-house.—M. W.

[The house is a well known building visible from the railway, and dates from c. 1500. Sculpture such as this is often found beneath projecting windows on East Anglian houses. We cannot agree with our correspondent's dismissal (or praise?) of it as exceptionally crude. It is relatively accomplished. Indeed, this relief might be said to have considerable lyrical charm.—Ed.]

THE STATE of the BLOODSTOCK MARKET TO-DAY

WHAT MAY HAPPEN AT DONCASTER.

SEE that at Dublin last week the aggregate proceeds of a four days' sale was 69,650 guineas for 489 lots as compared with 104,746 guineas for 529 lots a year ago. Allowing for the fewer lots disposed of this year there is still a fairly considerable drop. When the sales began I thought they promised surprisingly well. Then they tapered off. One of our English trainers who was present, told me that good money was forthcoming, chiefly from English visitors, for the good looking and well bred ones, but no demand at all existed for what he described as "rubbish." Well, I saw a lot of what I call "rubbish" offered at the July sales at Newmarket, and I suppose it will always be the case that a big margin separates the cream of the market from the misfits and unwanted.

We may take it as absolutely certain that there will be a still further drop in averages at Doncaster next month. It is not a question of being pessimistic in these matters. That is usually the complaint of the person who finds it so very convenient to avoid facts and suppress the importance of reading the signs of the times. Obviously there will be no exalted prices as there were up to two or three years ago for even moderate stuff, if there be missing buyers with limitless money to spend.

When the Aga Khan dropped out as a big yearling buyer, for the main reason that the Sheshoon stud in Ireland began to function and send out a crop of choicely bred yearlings, he could find no justification for operating at Doncaster. To-day he is a vendor himself of yearlings at the Deauville sales.

There is, I am sure, no fear of the attractive yearling of approved breeding being neglected, and while many would like to possess it, the ultimate owner will be the buyer who is not experiencing the acute money stringency quite as much as others. As there are so very few in his category to-day, it follows that the ringside competition will be less, and prices will seem trifling compared with the fabulous five-figure sums paid until recently. Certainly Lord Glanely, who to-day is breeding more than he can place with his trainer, is in no danger of losing the record he holds of having paid 14,500 guineas at auction for a yearling. It was paid at Doncaster several years ago when everything was booming in those few years after the War. Instead of winning classic races when the time came the colt by The Tetrarch from Blue Tit, afterwards named Blue Ensign, never won any sort of race though he has by no means been a failure at the stud.

I merely mention that incident to show the vast difference that has come over the outlook. The Aga Khan and Lord Glanely may make up their minds not to buy any more yearlings, but I have seen them both yield to temptation on taking a fancy to some colt of filly. And after all the Aga Khan must reflect for a long time that he acquired his Derby winner, Blenheim, out of the sale ring. He and others must also reflect that 1930 has been a "star" year for the sale-bought yearlings, for, in addition to Blenheim, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Diolite, was bought at auction for less than five hundred guineas, while Lord Glanely acquired his Oaks winner, Rose of England, out of the Doncaster sale ring two years ago. On the whole the odds are in favour of the St. Leger winner proving to be a colt that was bought at auction.

One hears it said to-day that stallion fees are much too high and must come down. They may be too high in relation to the vastly changed state of the market, but it by no means follows that they will come down. These fees are like everything else having a commercial basis, they are based on the laws of supply and demand. If a stallion is getting good-looking stock and notable winners there is a rush after him.

A good example is Blandford. There was anything but a

rush after him when first sent to the Cloghran Stud in County Dublin, but then came Athford, followed by Trigo, who in turn has been followed by Blenheim. Every breeder then wanted to subscribe to him. Naturally, only the comparative few could be obliged; the many had to be turned away. But up went the fee, and again it went up, until I was told the other day it had been raised to 500 guineas!

The truth is that while there is a mad rush after the fashionable sire that has been getting winners of note, the majority are comparatively neglected and their yearling progeny, no matter how good looking they may be, are as a drug in the market. No wonder, therefore, stallion fees remain high. So long as the demand far exceeds the supply, based as it is on fashion, which, in its turn, is, or should be, based on racecourse results, then the stallion owner would be merely throwing money away by reducing the service fee of his horse.

He will even say that it is necessary to keep it high in order to act as a discouraging factor where the small breeder is concerned. Subscribers to the high-priced sires, therefore, are rich men, and they are confined to a circle (sometimes called a vicious one by those outside it) made up of rich private breeders and those owners of public studs who are accustomed to take nominations year after year, and, therefore, expect and do receive preferential treatment.

The individual whom I will call the public breeder—Lord Furness, the Sledmere Stud, Sir Alec Black, and even the National Stud may be cited as examples—has in the past done marvellously well through having had access to the most successful sires of the day, but, allowing for disappointments with barren mares, he will expect at least to have his outlay on stallion fees handsomely covered. When this does not happen he will join in the clamour for reduced fees, though without much hope of enforcing his ideas. For he must choose the lesser of two evils and stick to the high-priced sires rather than go to the cheap ones, for the stock of the latter, as I have stated, are poor sale commodities to-day.

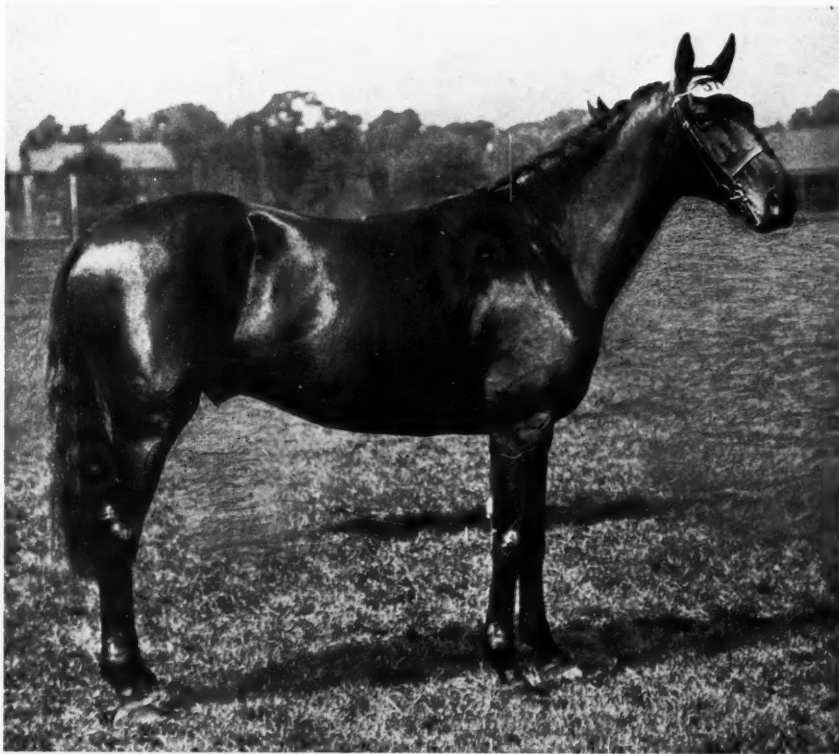
PHILIPPOS.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

IN view of the fact that Ireland had experienced a month of almost continuous rain, the Dublin Horse Show may be accounted very lucky in opening with at least one day of bright sunshine. It was known that the entries had established a new record and that their standard was uniformly high and consequently the attendance was uncommonly large. Ballsbridge is always charming to look on when the sun shines on its garden-like walks and enclosures and on the first day at least it glittered with colour. The second day brought rain and the third water-proofs and umbrellas which extinguished the colour, though not the spirits of the crowd. In the auction room, things were a

little slow on the first day, and the highest price paid for a yearling was three hundred guineas. But on the second day Mr. Hubert Hartigan bought a brown yearling colt by Achtoi, out of Linette for 1,050 guineas, and Mr. S. Darling, a chestnut filly by Spion Kop, out of Royal Dutch for 1,400 guineas, and Mr. Cozzika a grey filly by Solario, out of Queen Phillippa, for 1,450 guineas.

The competitions showed that the standard of the entries well upheld the reputation of the show. In the hunter classes both the Laidlaw Competition Cup for the best hunter in the Show and the Bright Prospect Trophy for the best hunter bred in Ireland, went to Lady Ainsworth with Cottage Pie.



LADY AINSWORTH'S COTTAGE PIE.

Winner of the championship for hunters at Dublin Horse Show.

THE ESTATE MARKET SCOTTISH OFFERS

WHETHER Scottish sport this year quite comes up to the average or not, as expressed in terms of game bags, the market for sporting estates will continue to interest those who hold or are seeking such properties, and possibly rather more than usual in view of the tendency of prices. Doubtless for those who can make up their minds that certain places fulfil their requirements it is the preferable course to buy outright, and the fact that tenancies are still much sought for may assist a would-be buyer to clinch a bargain, because his ability to get a good rental if he wishes to let a sporting estate ensures him against being out of pocket if for any reason he has to deal with it in that way. Very large and notable sporting domains may be bought on terms that are most attractive.

KINFAUNS CASTLE.

THE Earl of Moray writes: "The necessity for finding money to meet the heavy burden of Death Duties and taxation makes it imperative for landed proprietors in many cases, however unwilling, to place on the market estates with which their families have had a close connection for generations." He has given orders for the realisation of Kinfauns Castle, the Gothic seat which was placed in 1822 on a site that had been from time immemorial covered by important buildings, which are memorable for many reasons, among them that the first of the original Celtic line was none other than Macbeth. Smirke was the architect of the present Castle, which stands on a grand site by the Tay. The estate of 2,360 acres produces £3,000 a year. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., and Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele are retained to sell Kinfauns Castle.

Muckkairn, Argyllshire, 1,710 acres, to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Glasgow on August 20th, stands near Loch Etive in the west of Scotland. The shooting, 3,000 acres, of which 1,342 acres are rented, trout fishing in private loch, sea fishing, and a pier and boathouse, and two farms are included.

Durris on the Dee will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley early in the autumn. The agricultural portion of the 16,000 acres comprises fifty-two farms let at over £6,500 a year. The seventeenth century house has modern additions and it stands in grounds famous for their specimen trees. The grouse moor yields from 500 to 1,000 brace, and there is partridge and other shooting. About 300 salmon in the spring and forty in the autumn can be reckoned upon in seven miles of the Dee below Banchory.

Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., is selling Kildonan, Glendusk, and part of Pinnore, 15,000 acres in Ayrshire. Mr. James Miller, R.S.A., designed Kildonan House ten years ago. Over 1,000 brace of grouse were shot on the property in 1927, and the pheasant shooting is noteworthy. The trout fishing in the Dusk cannot be beaten in Scotland.

Castle Menzies with Farleyer Lodge, 11,000 acres, thirty miles from Perth, for sale by the late Lord Barnby's executors, has 7,000 acres of grouse moor, giving 1,000 brace in an average season, and there are five or six miles of salmon and trout fishing in the Tay and the Lyon.

Eriska, an island on the west coast of Argyll, 267 acres, twelve miles from Oban, has a modern house, and the lover of solitude may like to hear that the whole island is in the hands of the owner. Yachting, fishing and shooting, and a good library and the chosen company of good friends, who would jump at an invitation to such a spot, seem to hold the promise of enjoyment in Eriska.

The square mile of Baldarroch has three-quarters of a mile of Tay salmon and trout fishing, and gives exceptionally good bags of pheasants, partridges, snipe and blackgame, hares and roe deer.

ARDNAMURCHAN: 50,000 ACRES.

THE antiquarian will find much to engage him at Loch Sunart, for the ruins of Mingary Castle are but one of many ancient features of Ardnamurchan. For scenery there is nothing to surpass the marine and mountain views, the many heights of 1,500ft. and more, overlooking the sheltered bay that is studded with islets, and the wooded and heather and bracken clad hillsides. The 50,000 acres of

Ardnamurchan, for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., have as their residential centre Glenborrodale Castle, a Scottish baronial mansion, replete with oak and other panelling and modern comfort. It stands on the south promontory of the bay, embracing the loveliest hill and dale scenery. A wide square forecourt of grass, enclosed in embattled parapet walls, surrounds the castle. The gardens, planted with rare trees, overlook Loch Sunart. On the average, seventy-three stags are shot annually, grouse are plentiful on a portion of the property, woodcock, snipe and wildfowl shooting is good. Loch Laga provides trout up to 4lb.; ninety have been caught by one rod in a day, and other lochs afford good sport. There are salmon net fishing rights.

SITE OF CARLTON HOUSE.

THE late Lord Revelstoke lived for some time in No. 3, Carlton House Terrace, the Crown lease of which is now for sale by Messrs. Turner Lord and Dowler, for the executors of a well known man who bought it not many months ago. It occupies part of the site of old Carlton House, which was built in 1709 for Lord Carlton, whose nephew, the Earl of Burlington, sold it in 1732 to the Prince of Wales. When the mansion was demolished some of the material was used at Buckingham Palace and the National Gallery. Carlton House Terrace, overlooking St. James's Park, became a fashionable residential centre, and its proximity to the Government offices and the Houses of Parliament led to the selection of houses there by Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone and other Ministers of State. Lord Revelstoke spent a very large sum in decorating and fitting up No. 3, and, although it has only eight bedrooms, the mansion possesses some of the finest reception-rooms in London.

Major B. Vernon Harcourt has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Wallis, Riddett and Co. to offer St. Clare, between Ryde and Seaview. The house faces Spithead, in grounds of 13 acres extending to the shore.

SURREY PUBLIC PURCHASES.

REIGATE CORPORATION has purchased 22 acres on the outskirts of the town for £10,000 for housing, and cottages at the western end of High Street, Reigate, for £3,000, for road widening. These sales were negotiated by Messrs. Watkin and Watkin, who have also effected the sale of a freehold of 90 acres at Lowfield Heath, to be made into an aerodrome. Reigate, noted for its castle and priory, has suffered great changes, the castle having been for the most part destroyed by the Parliamentarians in 1648; and The Priory, the present house, was refronted and partly rebuilt in 1779 and stands on the site of the thirteenth century Augustinian establishment. The greater part of Reigate was sold by auction in 1921, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, including the old Town Hall in the high street, which stands on the site of a chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket. Eugene Aram, prototype of Bulwer Lytton's celebrated character, was a teacher in a private school in Church Street, Reigate.

Surrey County Council has bought Bay-horne Farm, Horley, from a client of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It includes a farmhouse, cottages, buildings and 66½ acres.

WESLEY'S LAST SERMON.

OVER 40,000 sermons were delivered by John Wesley, and the last of them he preached at Kingston House, Leatherhead, on February 23rd, 1791. Accompanied by his host, the Rev. Henry Rogers, Wesley visited the family then living there, and in the present dining-room addressed the company. Next morning Wesley blessed the inhabitants under the fine old cedar tree on the lawn to which they approached by the public path, then in the grounds. The residence, which Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. White and Sons are jointly to submit to auction in September, is mainly of the Queen Anne period, but its porch and entrance doors are Georgian and the handsome carved Stuart staircase came from another house.

Surrey properties recently sold by Chas. Osenton and Co. include Leighton House; Maydene; The Gate House, Epsom; The Lane House, Ashted; Barrington House, Dorking; and Hazelmead, Peaslake.

The Earl of Rosse's auction, by Messrs. Tyler and Co., of the Womersley estate, many

thousands of acres, held at Doncaster, was rather disappointing, but privately and otherwise some seventy lots have changed hands for a total of about £16,000, and negotiations are still going on.

The sale has been effected by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock of The Court House, Chardstock, on the Dorset and Somerset border. The residence dates from the thirteenth century, and stands 600ft. above sea level.

THAMES FRONTAGES.

AT the auction of Wick Hall, between Oxford and Abingdon, an offer of £49,000 was made for this estate, excluding Lots 32, 33 and 34. This offer did not, however, reach the reserve. At the sale in lots only about £2,500 was realised. After the auction this was increased to £7,000, and negotiations are proceeding for practically all the remaining lots. It is hoped by the owner that buyers of the Thames frontages and the beautiful country around Radley College will, as far as possible, preserve the amenities, and this has to some extent delayed negotiations.

Messrs. Jackson Stops have disposed of the old Red Lion Hotel, Banbury. The front portion was sold for retail premises and the back portion is to be retained as a hotel. An effort is suggested in Banbury to save the old entrance gateway. The total sales amounted to £18,500.

Sherwood Park, Tunbridge Wells, within a mile of Tunbridge Wells (Central) Station, a freehold country residence 500ft. up and commanding very fine views, is offered by Messrs. Harrods. With beautiful gardens, pasture and arable, also valuable woodland, it is of about 167 acres.

The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer The Lawn, Burnham-on-Crouch, a freehold property with frontages to the Crouch.

HIGH ERCALL, SHROPSHIRE.

THE recent successful sale, by Messrs. Winterton and Sons and Messrs. Frank Matthews and Co., of £100,000 worth of the High Erccall estate, near Wellington, dealt as one of the lots with Erccall Hall. It formerly belonged to Francis Newport, who was an officer in the army of Charles I and a great sufferer for his loyalty, the Hall being made a garrison and on several occasions besieged by the Parliamentary forces. It was the last place in Shropshire, except Ludlow, which held out for the King; and it did not yield till 1646. Lord Newport was forced into exile and ended his days at Moulins. A year after the death of his Royal master, Lord Newport was created Earl of Bradford, and in 1694, in the next generation, Erccall Hall passed from his family, and in 1802 became the property of the Duke of Cleveland. Lord and Lady Barnard first visited High Erccall in 1892, upon succeeding to the Shropshire estates, and there are three lime trees planted to commemorate the event.

Parford, a sixteenth century stone and thatched house near Chagford, and 4½ acres, is in a list of Devonshire offers by Messrs. Whitton and Laing (July 26th, page x). In the same page were shown a stone house and 53 acres in Wiltshire, for £6,000, by Messrs. Hankinson and Son; and another, on the Pembury sandstone ridge at Tunbridge Wells, for £5,500, by Messrs. Brackett and Sons.

The late Mrs. F. J. Fry's executors have Oakland Park, 74 acres, at Dawlish overlooking the estuary of the Exe, for sale through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who are agents for the magnificent Sunningdale freehold, Craigmyle, which was for a while occupied by the Prince of Wales. It was referred to in the Estate Market page on July 26th. Lady Cust would sell or let unfurnished Hatchet House, near Eton and Windsor, a Georgian residence in 9 acres (July 26th, page xi).

Auctions will be held at Chestfield, near Whitstable, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley on August 13th and September 11th of sites and houses on Chestfield village estate. A new station has just been opened on the estate, which has been developed on village lines with golf course and sports grounds.

Burnham House, ten minutes' walk from Sunninghill Golf Course, is to be offered at Hanover Square on September 18th at a low reserve.

ARBITER.

A BORDER OF ANNUALS

THESE has been in the past a distinct tendency, which, unfortunately, still persists, to use annuals not by themselves, but as complementary to a display mainly provided by other plants, such as border perennials, shrubs or roses. While it is perfectly true that they provide most excellent and valuable material for filling in the inevitable gaps in a scheme planned to afford a blaze of colour over a lengthy period, and that this method is a most natural and legitimate way to use the plants, it is also the case that quite unusual and remarkable effects can be obtained by using them entirely by themselves in border arrangements. Their use in borders by themselves is of special advantage to the gardener who wishes to obtain a brilliant show at particular seasons which are most probably the in-between periods with other plants of the flower garden. By careful planning the gardener can arrange to have a show of annuals in full beauty at any time between the middle of July and late August, for annuals are plants that, on the whole, can be easily timed, provided an exceptional season does not upset calculations. Such annual borders may be arranged in the flower garden



A RIBBON EDGING OF GODETIAS AND CANDYTUFT.

wherever such good splashes of colour are wanted through the summer in open and sunny situations so that the plants may have every chance to succeed. In the kitchen garden they are a most desirable feature. Wherever there is ample room, plan for big annual borders and sow with a generous hand to provide not only an oasis of beauty and colour, but also to provide the house with a valuable supply of cut flowers. An annual border forms a splendid front line to rows of trained espalier or bush fruit trees, when they may either be disposed in bold irregular groups on the lines of a proper border or arranged in long serried rows, when the effect is rather striking. Annuals are plants of distinct promise as well as of marked performance, and although admittedly some are more exacting in their requirements and more affected by seasonal climatic conditions than others, in general the bulk will seldom fail to flower well according to time table, and can be trusted to come into bloom at a certain fixed, and comparatively short, time from the date of sowing, depending on the variety.

Too seldom are examples of annual borders to be seen, and the gardener who has space, average soil and a good open situation to offer should not miss the opportunity thus presented to plan and plant a border of annuals. The annuals will be in their full tide of loveliness in late July, a triumphant pageant of rich and varied colouring which, while it lasts, is one of the most

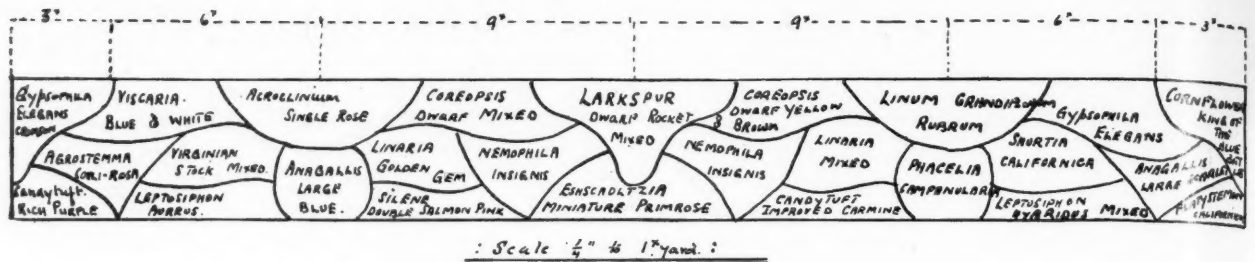
advantage to the background and, provided they were sown at the correct times, would be in flower along with their neighbours. What this border scheme does teach, however, is that it is possible to have a large variety of annuals in flower at the same period to provide a magnificent colour display, and shows also the effect which can be obtained by grouping in large and bold masses.

The border roughly measures 110ft. long by 12ft. across, and each group is allowed some 20ft. to 40ft. As regards cultivation, the ground was well dug and manured in the winter, and in spring was drilled crossways to a depth of 9ins., and drills made 9ins. apart and the seed just covered. The sowing was done in three batches to allow for the difference in times of reaching maturity by the different annuals that were used and so that the flowering period of each would coincide. How completely successful this experiment has been may be judged from the accompanying illustration of the border. At the time of my visit, on July 18th, the display was at its height, and I noticed

only one failure—strangely enough, the annual coreopsis (which was among the first to be sown) which was a day or two late on account of the season. The first batch, comprising candytuft, viscaria, leptosiphon, anagallis, coreopsis, silene and dwarf rocket larkspur were sown about the third week in March. Ten days later Gypsophila Sutton's Crimson, agrostemma, acrolinium, Nemophila insignis,



THE BORDER OF DWARF ANNUALS AT MESSRS. SUTTON'S TRIAL GROUNDS IN MIDSUMMER.



A DETAILED PLAN OF THE BORDER OF DWARF ANNUALS.

Eschscholtzia Miniature Primrose and Cornflower King of the Blue Bottles were sown; and, lastly, towards the third week in April, the final batch, comprising the more rapid growers, such as linaria, Virginian stock, Linum grandiflorum rubrum, Phacelia campanularia, Gypsophila elegans, Shortia californica and Platystemon californicus were set. By sowing at these dates the display should be at its best by the middle of July in a normal season. Later sowings will give a correspondingly later display.

The composition of the border gives an admirable idea of the wealth of varieties of dwarf annuals for edging purposes, and shows some effective and charming groupings for colour effects. For example, the yellow of Shortia californica and the mixed shades of Leptosiphon hybridus combine remarkably well, while the centre-piece of dwarf rocket-flowered larkspurs, a most excellent annual, which should be more widely used, flanked by wings of Coreopsis Dwarf mixed, Nemophila insignis and a front line of Eschscholtzia Miniature Primrose was particu-

larly effective. The accompanying plan shows the arrangement of the individual varieties, and to reproduce such a scheme in the garden the only alterations necessary are the introduction of a few of the taller growers such as I have indicated and, perhaps, a drift or two of the splendid azalea-flowered godetias, for which I have a great admiration, and whose beauty is well shown in the illustration, where the plants, grouped along with candytuft, provide a magnificent ribbon edging to a path in Messrs. Sutton's Trial Grounds.

It is, if I may say so, more than appropriate that Messrs. Suttons should arrange such an interesting experimental garden scheme, and as the experiment in its restricted limits has been so successful on this occasion it is to be hoped that next year it will be tried on a larger scale.

It is at once both an interesting and instructive scheme, for not only will it fulfil the genuine desire on the part of many gardeners to get to know their plants, but it also shows them how to use them to the greatest advantage. G. C. TAYLOR.

NEW SWEET PEAS

ON the whole, this has proved a good season for sweet peas and, generally speaking, they have withstood the drought very well indeed. Certainly there has been very little bud-dropping, and, although green fly may have been unduly troublesome on other garden subjects, sweet peas have not been badly afflicted by them. The necessity for watering has, in some instances, been partly responsible for growers over-feeding and over-watering, with the inevitable result that the plants have become unbalanced.

One feels that, too often, the choice of varieties to be grown the following season is left until the time comes round for seed sowing, whereas the best time to make a choice of varieties for next year is now, when the different varieties are to be seen in bloom and their merits compared. There have been many new varieties introduced within the last few years, and even last autumn some forty new kinds made their appearance, and it may be interesting to describe how a few of them have behaved under garden conditions this year and how they compare with other older varieties.

The novelty which has impressed me most of all this year is The Fawn, not so much with its merit as a flower, but with its possibilities as a parent. It is a new shade of salmon pink, perfectly sunproof, and I feel confident crosses with it are certain to yield fine results. The Fawn is not as large-flowered or as vigorous in growth as some varieties, but it is well worth growing for its colour alone.

There are not many really good pure white sweet peas, but two sent out last year are of more than ordinary merit. Purity is very large and vigorous, the only drawback being its tendency to throw a small proportion of blush-pink rogues. I liked it even better than Model, which is generally recognised as the best white. White Enchantress, the other newcomer, is of a different type, very pure, very frilly, not by any means a weakly grower, but a trifle short in the stem. I should, however, prefer it to Avalanche.

All Bright was a well chosen name for a really fine novelty; in sunlight it is a dazzling scarlet. In my opinion, this bright sunproof variety is easily ahead of 2 LO or Huntsman.

Cerise shades have provided a large proportion of novelties during recent years, and in Yadi and Beattall we have been given two fine pinkish cerises, both with a salmon undertone. They are very strong-growing, long-stemmed and large, both are fine exhibition and decorative peas, and one is undecided which will eventually become the more popular of the two. They are very similar in colouring.

Two others much alike are Jay and Blue Flame. They might almost be termed bicolors with mid-blue wings and nearly navy blue standards. Jay is probably the better of the two, but neither is likely to displace the cleaner-looking mid-blue selfs.

Yet a further pair which are almost identical are Big Ben and Ripples, cream ground with a rosy flushing; they are large and vigorous, but lack of salmon in their colouring makes them rather harsh in comparison with the warmer-toned cream pinks.

Carmine is hardly a popular colour, but in Lustie we undoubtedly have the best deep rosy carmine. It is bright, more pleasing than the colour description would convey, and there is nothing wanting in size, vigour or stem. I rather like the colouring of Violet Gem; it is very distinct, a metallic violet blue with a very distinct and pleasing bronzy sheen. The Admiral, too, is a very dark blue, also with a metallic lustre; much deeper than Fortune or Commander Godsal and, in my opinion, the best variety in the dark blue class.

June appears to be a deeper Supreme, a pretty light pink, well worth a trial. There had been no good maroon novelty for several years, and the new Leviathan, although it may be larger and longer in the stem than Warrior, does not appear to be quite so pleasing with regard to colour, so that one hardly knows whether to classify it as an improvement; it is, however, a good pea.

The rosy lavender Admiration reminds one strongly of Austin Frederick Improved, and it comes from the same raiser. I do not think I have ever seen such long stems in a pea, and for this reason alone it should meet with fairly general approval, but the rosy lavenders have rather gone out of favour since the advent of the lavender lilacs, such as Powerscourt, Victoria and Gladys.

American raisers seem to have concentrated on the duplex type of flower of which Miss Delight is typical. The colour of this variety is china pink on a cream ground, very pretty, but shortness of stem, close placement of the blooms and a rather weakly habit of growth—defects which are characteristic of the duplex type—are very evident. Ruffled Beauty, another duplex novelty, is perhaps not so truly duplex, but it certainly has the merit of vigour and a long, stout stem, while the colour, soft lilac on cream, is rather pleasing. If only this extra wavy duplex form of flower can be combined with good habit, it will, one feels sure, meet with far greater approval than has hitherto been accorded it in this country.

Although self colours will always make a greater appeal than what one might term fancy or mixed colourings, it must be said that striped varieties of the Harlequin type have their place. Columbine I rather like for its rich sunproof orange scarlet markings, a bright and very attractive variety.

The colour of Clarion, purplish claret, is not my own personal taste, though some will no doubt like it. Cambria, too, I found a little harsh; it is a bright rosy flush on white ground, which looks rather better growing than when cut. Cheerio strikes a new tone in mid-blue, bright, a nice whole colour, a little lighter than Mrs. Tom Jones, but it is not such a large flower as the older Blue Bell.

We find a really huge flower in Clematis, violet purple self, which abounds in vigour but is rather shy of throwing fours. Satin Mauve came from the same raisers, another huge flower of a clean, deep and rich shade of mauve, deeper and, on the whole, I think, better than the well known Chieftain. One point which impressed me was the manner in which its colour held up when cut.

Rubens took my mind back to the old Coccinea, and it is quite possible the latter would be found in its genealogical tree. It is quite distinct and a very pretty cerise self. For its colour, I was surprised to find blooms of a fair size and fairly long stems. There is deep vivid colouring on both Flame of Fire (orange scarlet) and Golden West (pure orange). Neither can be termed sunproof, nor can Mr. Cinders, another orange scarlet very like Mammoth, but then we are still waiting for the sunproof orange or orange scarlet, and until they arrive most of us go for our bright colouring to scarlet or bright orange cerise, such as All Bright, Grenadier, Flamingo, etc.

Bullion and Michael seem to be slight improvements on the pure orange Colorado, but they need shading or under-glass culture to be seen at their best. Craigweil is a dainty, light cream pink of the Venus type, but a little paler than that variety, probably too watery to attain popularity. Of the others, Carmen seems to be like a lighter Grenadier, and the same remark applies to Tally Ho and, while Rose Marie is slightly deeper than Cambria (mentioned above), it did not strike me as any better.

The shape of the rosy cerise Serenade is poor, and, although Lime-light was deep for a cream self, some plants were of a type half-way between the Spencer and Grandiflora, a wavy standard but a clamped keel, and I found this same defect in the pure white Invincible. Cherry Glow is a rosy cerise very much like Serenade; there are far too many cerises nowadays, although not many years ago the colour was hardly represented. Another Admiration—unfortunately, there were two novelties of this name sent out last season—is a rosy pink, lighter than Pinkie or even Hebe, a large flower with plenty of vigour and length of stem. C. H. A. S.